



ABOUT THESE STORIES

"Stories given in this little book have their own parameters of art. Moral of the story is conveyed indirectly. There is a subdued delineation of human nature and it is a source of instant delight to the innocent minds of the younger ones."

"I have only one request to make to the experienced and enthusiastic teachers; Please donot try to improve upon these stories. Read these stories carefully; imbibe their spirit; and tell the children what your mind has received and retained."

"These stories do not follow established conventions. They have their own innate restraints. They discriminate between the good and the evil without creating hatred for the sinner. They are stories of universal love conveying ideals of social good. These stories, like pilgrims, travels from place to place, and plant saplings of love in their wake."

— Kaka Kalelkar

GIJUBHAI'S TALES FOR CHILDREN

**GIJUBHAI'S
TALES FOR CHILDREN**



Translated from Gujarati

By

Late Shri Chittranjan Pathak

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A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE TRANSLATOR

It has been the earnest desire of the members of the family of late Shri Gijubhai Badheka that his short stories for children be rendered into English. So that the thousands of Children in Gujarat, nay, Bharat and the World-who have no excess to Gujarati language, may enjoy the pleasure of reading Gijubhai's stories. This dream has been realised. Shree Chittranjan Pathak, the Son-in-law of Gijubhai, the husband of the youngest daughter Nalineebehen - Tikuben, has rendered some of his stories in English.

Shree Chittranjanbhai has thoroughly imbibed the Spirit of his short stories, nay, his complete literature. He has translated 'The Diva Swapna' (Day Dream) of Gijubhai in 1985. It has been published by the National Book Trust, New Delhi.

He has been a very good teacher and a noteworthy writer. He served the secondary schools of Maharashtra for about forty years. He had been the Principal of the school run by National Rayon Corporation, for about thirty years. He was very popular, because he loved the institution, loved the work and loved teaching.

He has translated Several Marathi short stories by Smt. Madhavi Desai in Gujarati. They were being published in a very well known, widely circulated Gujarati Magazine 'Akhand Anand' intermittently.

His rendering 'Diva Swapna' as a play in Gujarati has been published in 2000.

As chance would have it, our ill-luck would have it, when some of the short stories of Gijubhai in English version came to our hands, he was bed-ridden. He could not see them being published in a Book - Form.

But, we are confident that his and ours too dream has been realised.

May his soul rest in peace.

Vimuben Badheka

Daxinamurti Balmandir, Bhavnagar

Kindly note the following typographical errors.

Page No.	Line No.	Incorrect	Correct
3	14/15	Variation	Variation
7	7	Nell	Neil
7	8	Englan	England
7	Para 2 & 3 to be cancelled because they are repeated.		
8	20	pf	of
8	24	to	of
9	6	more	mere
15	14	replaid	replied
16	Title	Mercy	Merry
29	17	rolloing	rolling
34	6	tailro	taylor
38	11	fightened	frightened
57	17	tarwai	Tarwadi
64	4	Sugarcame	Sugar-cane
72	5	look	took
76	6	reques	request
89	7	mer	more
99	16	fowers	flowers
102	7	goal	goat
19	11	Add the following : "O, what great fun! Sugar so sweet, I am happy to much; much do I like, It tastes so fine, Hi, dear friends, The pleasure in mine." The king then go the crow thrown on the roof of a house. The crow began to sing there.	
85	16	Add the following : The merchant hiding in the jar become very angry - By about Six o'Clock the wife woke up and asked Khetali, "Khetali, Khetali Tell me straight, how many hours for day to break?	

Gijubhai's tales for Children

TO TEACHERS AND PARENTS

A Word from the Translator

The stories presented here are meant to be told by parents and teachers to small children who have not acquired reading skill, or are just beginners in formal education, learning, reading and have some grasp of the language. The oral stories have a format different from those meant for reading.

Story telling is an art. Stories being told get a personal touch of the storyteller. People of all age generally love to hear stories told by those who have mastered the art of telling stories. As I have said earlier, stories to be told have a deferent format because it involves to a large extent, the storyteller. Stories being told therefore are subject to minor variation of nuances of language, variation in diction accents and local touch of colloquialism. Stories for the different age groups differ in content, subject matter, mode of presentation, and language. The stories to be told are like flowing rivers, which flow through the different terrains acquiring different colours and shapes. The stories meant for reading are like ponds or lakes whose waters do not undergo any change.

Children love music. Even an infant enjoys a non-sensical syllable uttered by his mother repeatedly in a musical tune with recurring rhymes. As children grow up they begin to enjoy nursery rhymes. The lines of which have some connected meaning. The musical rhythmic sounds and gestures accompanying them are the main props of enjoyment here. As they advance in age and acquire some understanding of language, they begin to like stories in prose interspersed with musical rhythmic jingles.

Stories to be told to children should be selected keeping in mind the span of attention of the children and the areas of interest of bird or an animal and love to hear stories involving

such characters. Logical thinking and limits of possibilities have no place in stories for these children. The child will not bother about how a crocodile could close one eye and then the other one, or how a fox could speak human language.

Word by word imagination is not to be expected. It is enough if the child enjoys listening to the fare presented and follows general trend of the story. Children have their own imagination, and they interpret and enjoy the story through their imagination. Repetitions occurring in the story provide enjoyment, liking, as well as some understanding of the language because of familiarity. It is here that the skills of the storyteller come into play.

In these stories, characters are referred to as 'He' or 'She' instead of 'it' because they represent human lives.

To the story-teller, I can do nothing better than reproduce what Gijubhai himself said to the teachers; and I quote,

" Here are some stories for children. Please tell these stories to children. They will earnestly love to hear them again and again. See that you tell the stories in an interesting manner; in the way the stories should be told to them, with proper modulation. Occasionally, read out these stories to them. Select stories, which would be suitable to their age. Dear friends! Please desist from one thing ; never , never make the children cram these stories , do not make them reproduce the stories verbalim ; do not 'teach' these stories for examinations.

"You will yourself experience what a magic wand the stories are ! If you want to establish rapport with children, begin with these stories. Do not remain aloof or indifferent while telling stories. Get involved yourself and let the children be involved equally."

— Chittranjan Pathak

THE PATRON SAINT OF CHILDREN

SHRI GIJUBHAI BADHEKA

Shri Gijubhai Badheka was the pioneer of pre-school education for children in Western India. He has done much spadework for the education of the pre-school child. No obstacles stopped him in his endeavour to bring freedom and happiness to the children of preschool age his unbounded love for and abiding faith in children. earned him an endearing nickname "The mother with a moustache."

A lawyer by profession, he gave up an established practice to devote himself to the cause of education . Faced with the problem of education of his first-born child, a son, he began to look for new ideas in education of children. He was very much impressed by the writings of Dr. Maria Montessori . He founded the first pre-primary school – called Bal Mandir – in 1920, under the aegis of Shri Daxinamurti Vidyarthi Bhavan , an educational institute of which he was a sort of a founder member along with others like the famous educationist Padma Shri Nanabhai Bhatt

Though influenced by writings of Dr Montessori for whom he had almost reverential regard, Gijubhai was not a dogmatic Montessorian . He suitably modified Montessorian system in practice to suit local conditions and also realities of the situation where in he felt that live stories were one of the finest instruments for establishing rapport with children and , hence for motivating them. Finding that there wasn't suitable literature in Gujarati for children, he himself began to write stories and other informative narratives for children. His

stories for children became a veritable rage in Gujarat and their publication ran into several editions. Three generations of Gujarat have enjoyed these stories through their school days and after. His writings have been translated into a number of languages in India. In all his entire endeavour for the cause of the pre-school child, he was ably assisted by his colleague and well-known educationist Padma Bhushan Smt. Tarabai Modak.

Within a span of about nineteen years of his active life in the field of education before death snatched him away, he virtually revolutionized the whole gamut of education for children in Gujarat and some other parts of the Western India. In addition to his work in Bal Mandir, where he put his new ideas into practice, he organized conferences to enlighten parents and others about new concepts of pre-school education, regularly wrote articles and books for teachers and parents, wrote stories for children and established a training institute to prepare teachers for this new education. He founded the "Nutan Bal Shikshan Sangh (New Education Organisation)" to spearhead the movement for new education for children. Under his inspiring guidance, Bal Mandir sprang up all over Gujarat, Madhya Pradesh and Rajasthan.

He brought the child to the centre stage of education, which was, till then, concerned only with the subject matter to be taught. The child was relegated to the back-stage at that time and was treated like a raw material to be moulded by the teacher into a preset form. Gijubhai gave the child the prime position vis-à-vis the other components, the teacher and the subject matter. In order to appreciate Gijubhai's contribution properly, it would be well to remember that Gijubhai conceived and practised these new ideas, raised his voice for the freedom of the child, and cried out against the use of fear and punishment in schools, about seventy-five years ago, when such new ideas hadn't entered the precincts

of Teacher Training Colleges. He led a crusade against corporal punishment and the use of fear in schools as a motivating instrument. It is significant to note that in the earlier half of the twentieth century, three educationists, working in three different countries independently of one another, evolved systems of education wherein freedom and love for children were core ingredients. A.S. Nell had established his summer Hill School in Englan; Mr. Sasoku Kobayashi had established his school Tomoe Gakuen in Japan and Shri Gijubhai had his Bal Mandir in Gujarat in India. Mr. Kobayashi approached children through music, and Shri Gijubhai did it through stories.

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Gijubhai worked day and night incessantly with scant regard for his health. When friends advised him to take rest for a while for the sake of his health, Gijubhai's comment was typical of his revolutionary zeal. He had replied that he would prefer to do the work of a hundred years in a life span pf ten years, to having a life span of a hundred years and do the work of ten years. He worked like a human dynamo burning his candle at both ends. Prophetically as if, he died in his early fifties in 1939. Dr. Maria Montessori said to him, " I never knew him; I wish I had ; for he was a great lover of the child. No obstacle stopped him in his endeavour to bring them freedom and happiness." Gandhiji said of him , " Who am I to write about Gijubhai ? I was always fascinated by his enthusiasm and faith. His work will bear fruit."

Gujarat paid homage to this great man by celebrating his birth centenary in 1985. Educationists in Maharashtra, Madhya Pradesh and Rajasthan also joined in paying tribute to him. The Government of Gujarat has instituted an award in his name to be given bi-annually to the best writer in Gujarati for children.

Gijubhai's books have been translated into several other languages also. His master-piece on education , entitled 'Diva Swapna' has been translated into a number of Indian languages including English. A dramatized version of that book has also been published and produced on the stage. Gijubhai was not a more educationist ; he was a born storyteller also who kept his audiences spell-bound.

Gijubhai was awarded the prestigious award for Gujarati literature – Ranjitram Gold Medal . He was the President of the Second Montessori Conference held in 1929. In 1936 he presided over the Third Session of the All-India Children's Conference held at Hyderabad (Sind).

"Gijubhai lived for children. His earnestness and transparent sincerity of his devotion to the cause of child-upliftment and education earned him spontaneous love of children. He was their god-father. Nay, more than that was the Patron Saint of Children."

— Chittaranjan Pathak

1. A FOOLISH CROW

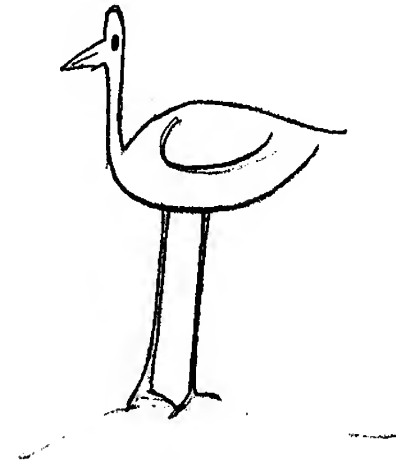
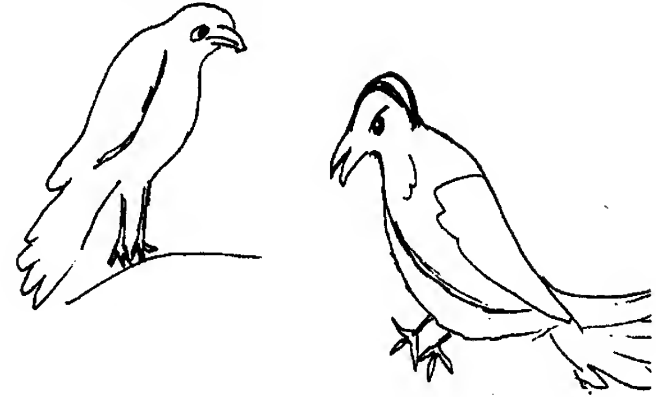
Once there was a crow. Every day he used to sit on a tree on the bank of a river near his nest. A crane also used to come there. By and by the crow and the crane became friends. The crane would catch a fish. It would then share it with the crow. Every day the crane used a different method and caught a different kind of fish. The crow got a wide variety of fish to eat.

The crane would fly high up in the sky. It would keep an eye on the river below. As soon as it saw a fish, it would swoop down upon it fast. It would quickly catch the fish putting its beak only into water and keeping its body above water. It would then fly to the bank of the river.

The crow saw this every day. He began to feel that he also should try to catch fish. He said to himself, "What is there so difficult about it? Why can't I do it? One has just to fly high up in the sky. Keep an eye on the river, and swoop down on the fish at the right time. One would have to put one's beak into water and keep the body above water. That is all that one needs to do. It is so simple!"

The crow continued to think like this day in and out. At last one day he decided to put it into practice. "I must try it out today", he said to himself.

So the crow zoomed up in the sky. He could not fly as high as the crane did. He then looked down and saw fish in the river below. He swooped down on one fish, put his



beak into water and tried to catch the fish. But the fish slipped away. The crow fell headlong into water. There was thick moss and weed all around. The crow got stuck up in it. He tried hard to come out but in vain. He began to sink more and more into the moss and weed.


~~~~~  
 By that time, fortunately for the crow, the crane came there. It saw the crow's plight. It took pity on the crow and helped him to come out of water.

It then said to the crow :

“ My dear friend !  
 Keep this in mind :  
 Do only that what's  
 Usual for your kind.  
 Try something else,  
 You'll break your spine.  
 Headlong in the moss,  
 With upturned feet,  
 Did any crow ever  
 Look funnier indeed !”

The crest - fallen crow went away quietly.



## 2. A MYNAH AND A CROW

Once there lived on a tree a crow and a mynah. They were friends. The mynah was a simple and a good-natured bird ; the crow was shrewd.

One day the mynah told the crow, “ Brother crow ! Let us till a field. We will reap a good crop. We will have enough provision for food for the whole of the year.”

The crow said, “ All right, let us do it.”

The crow and the mynah selected a piece of land and began to till the field with their beaks. After some time, the crow's beak broke down. So the crow said to the mynah,

“Sister mynah ! You go ahead with ploughing the field. I am going to a smithy to have my beak repaired. I will join you as soon as the beak is repaired.”

“All right ”, said the mynah.

The crow went to a smith's shop in the town to have the beak repaired. The crow did not return for a long time. The mynah ploughed the whole field. The crow did not want to work. So, after his beak was repaired, he sat on a tree nearby and began gossiping with the smith. The mynah waited for a long time. Then she came to the smith to call the crow. She told the crow,

“Brother crow ! The field is all ploughed. Now it is time to sow the seeds. Therefore please come to the field.”

The crow said,

"I'll get ready in minutes nine;

Broken beak being patched up fine.

Go ahead afield, sister mine,

I'll follow you soon to reach in time."

So the mynah went back to the field. She started sowing the seeds of millet which she had. She completed sowing but the crow did not come.

Soon it was time to weed. So the mynah again went to the crow and said,

"Brother crow ! Come to the field. We have fine stalks of millet. We must now root out the weed ; otherwise the crop will be damaged."

The lazy crow, sitting on the tree, replied,

"I'll get ready in minutes nine;

Broken beak being patched up fine.

Go ahead afield, sister mine,

I'll follow you soon to reach in time."

The mynah went back alone. She cleared the weed from the whole field single- handed. After some days it was time for harvesting. Again the mynah went to call the crow. She told him,

"Brother crow, come to the field now at least. It is time to harvest. If we do not do it now, the crop will be ruined."

The crow said,

"Dressed and ready almost on line;

Broken beak being patched up fine.

Go ahead afield, sister mine,

I'll follow you soon to reach in time."

The mynah went back disappointed. She was very much annoyed. She cut the crop and separated grain from the ear. Then she made two heaps, one containing millet and the other, a larger one, containing husks. She covered up the heap of husks with millet. Then she went to the crow. She said,

"Brother crow ! Will you please come now at least to pick your share of millet ? I have prepared two heaps. You have the first choice."

The crow was over-joyed. He was going to get his share of millet without doing any work, he replied.

"I am quite ready now. I am coming with you."

"That would be fine", said the mynah. Then she said to herself, "Dishonest crow will now get what he deserves."

Both came to the field. The mynah said, "Brother crow ! Take your pick."

The crow selected the larger heap. As he sat on that heap, his feet began to sink in the soft husks. When he tried to beat his wings to get free, he was covered all over with husks. His eyes, ears, mouth and nose were all full of husks. He could not breathe.

The crow died.

The mynah took all the millet to her home. She lived happily ever after.



### 3. A MERCY CROW

Once there was a crow. It lived in a small country ruled by a king.

The crow was a cheerful fellow. He would always be smiling. He would remain cheerful even in difficulty. The king was somewhat of a rashling. He used to get annoyed easily over even a trifle.

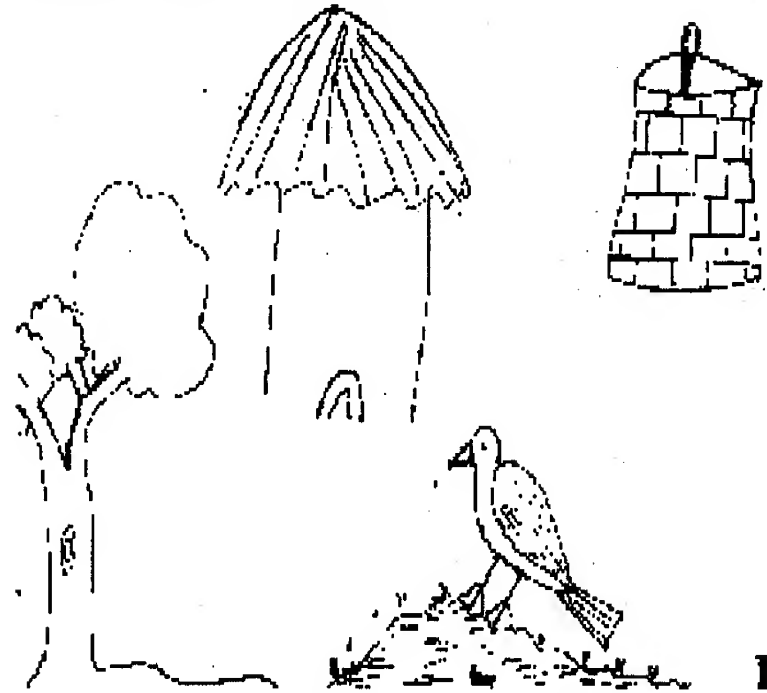
Once the king became angry with the crow for some reason. He wanted to punish the crow. So he ordered his servants to throw the crow into the mud around a well.

"The crow will get stuck up in the mud and die", said the king.

Accordingly the crow was thrown into the mud. The crow lying in the mud, began to sing happily :

" O, What great fun !  
Skiing this way I do learn.  
Sliding in the sludge,  
It's so fine !  
Hi dear friends,  
The pleasure is mine."

The king and his servants were surprised that the crow did not feel miserable about being thrown into mud.



Instead, he seemed to be happy about it ! The king became more angry.

" Throw this crow into the well so that he may drown and die ", said the king.

So the crow was thrown into the well. He began to swim. Then he began to sing :

" O, what great fun !  
Swimming this way I do learn.  
Wafting in water,  
It's so fine !

Hi dear friends,

The pleasure is mine."

The king was getting angrier. He said, "This crow deserved stricter punishment."

On the orders of the king, the crow was thrown into a thick hedge of thorns. But the crow was merry as ever. Again he began to sing :

" O, what great fun !

Piercing ears I get done !

Can wear ear-rings

Which would shine ;

Hi dear friends,

The pleasure is mine !"

"This crow seems to be a queer fellow ! He does not feel unhappy whatever the pain", said the king. "Let us put it in some happier condition and see if it feels miserable that way. "

So the crow was put in a barrel of oil. The crow took this also cheerfully and began to sing :

" O, what great fun !

Oil to cool off ears soon ;

Let the lady luck shine,

Feel do I fine ;

Hi dear friends,

The pleasure is mine."

The king then had the crow thrown into a pot full of milk cream. The crow began to sing then also :

" O, what great fun !

Cream to eat : have won ;

Strong shall I be,

Really fine !

Hi dear friends,

The pleasure is mine."

The king was very angry. He ordered that the crow be thrown into a drum full of sugar. There also the crow began to sing :

" O, what great fun !

Setting tiles on roof do I learn ;

Not so difficult,

Takes no time ;

Hi dear friends,

The pleasure is mine."

The king then admitted defeat. He said, " We shall never be able to punish this crow. He does not feel unhappy in any condition. So let him go."

So the crow was set free and allowed to go. He flew away singing merrily.

#### 4. A PARROT AND A CROW

Once there was a parrot. He was well - behaved and quite clever, One day his mother said to him.

"My son ! It is time now you go to earn."

"All right ! said the parrot, " I will make a move."

He then flew out to the west. After a long flight, he came by a lake. There was a very large mango tree on the bank of the lake. The parrot flew to a branch of that tree and sat on it.

The tree was full of mangoes, some raw, some ripe, some sour and some sweet. The parrot liked the place and decided to settle there. He would sit on a branch, swing on it and sing.

One day a cow- herd passed by the tree. The parrot called the cow-herd and said to him,

" Cow-herd dear,

Please come here.

O dear brother !

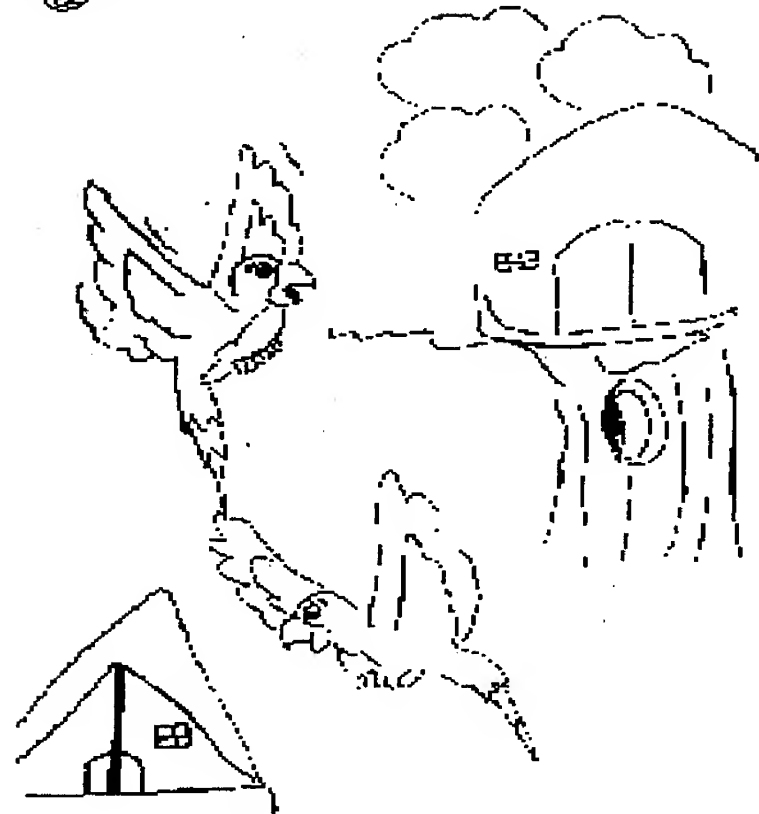
Please tell my mother.

' The parrot isn't hungry,

Nor is he thrisy,

On the bank of a lake,

Where animals graze,



On the branch of a tree,

With mangoes plenty -

Mangoes sweet,

Juicy indeed,

Large and small,-

He eats them all.

Happy and at ease

He lives there in peace.' "

The cow-herd said, "Brother parrot! How can I leave my cows and go to give your message to your mother? "If you like, you can have a good cow from my herd."

The parrot took one cow and tied her up to the mango tree.

After some time, a man with a herd of buffaloes passed by the tree. The parrot asked him if he would take his message to his mother. The man said, "Brother parrot! I would not be able to take your message to your mother. If you like, you may take a buffalo from my herd."



So the parrot took one buffalo from the herd and tied her up to the mango tree.

Then a goat-herd passed by the tree. The parrot asked him to take his message to his mother. The goat-herd said, "Brother parrot! I can't leave all my goats and go to give your message. I am sorry. If you like, you may take a couple of goats from my herd."

So the parrot took two goats and tied them up to the mango tree.

Later on, a shepherd with a large flock of sheep, passed by the tree. The parrot asked him if he would take his message to his mother. The shepherd said no, he could not, "How can I go", he asked, "when my sheep are here?"

If you like you can have four or five sheep from the flock."

Then- after, there came, one by one, men with horses, elephants and camels. The parrot got from them a horse, an elephant and a camel.

The parrot took all these animals to a town nearby. He sold the whole lot in the bazar. The parrot got a good price and made a lot of money. He bought some gold and silver ornaments and wore them on his person. He still had some money left. He put some of it under his wings and some into his beak. Then he started for his home. By the time he reached home, it was late in the night. Every one was asleep. The parrot knocked at the door and called his mother :



~~~~~  
 " O mother dear !

Please come here.

Open the door,

Put a mat on the floor,

Prepare a bed,

With sheets well spread.

Let music be played,

Nothing delayed,

The parrot will sing

And open his wings."

The parrot's mother heard this. She said to herself,

" How can it be my son so late in the night ? This fellow must be some-one else, perhaps a thief." She did not open the door. The parrot then went to his aunt's house. He asked his aunt to open the door. But the aunt did not open the door. The parrot went to his sister's house. She also did not open the door. The parrot went to other relatives of his. Nobody opened the door to him. At last the parrot went to his grand mother's house. He called her and then said,

" O Grand-mother !

So kind ever !

Open the door,

Put a mat on the floor.

Prepare a bed

With sheets well - spread.

~~~~~  
 Let music be played,

Nothing delayed :

The parrot will sing

And open his wings."

The grandmother recognised the voice, " My dear grand son," she said. " Please wait. I will open the door in a minute."

The grandmother opened the door. The Parrot came in. He bowed down and touched her feet. She blessed him. Then the grand mother spread out a mat, prepared a bed and covered it with a pretty bed-sheet.

" Sit here my child," she said. " I will play some music."

She took out a musical instrument and began to play upon it singing a welcome song. The parrot was pleased. He also began to sing and opened up his wings. Rupees fell from his wings and from his beak soon there were rupees all over the bed and the floor. The parrot then took off the ornaments also and laid them on the bed.

By next day the news had spread that the parrot had earned a lot of money and he was now very rich.

A crow family was their next door neighbour. The mother crow learnt about the parrot's wealth. She told her son,

" Dear Son ! You should also go out and earn money as the parrot did."

The young crow set out to earn money. He liked dirt and garbage. So he went to a garbage dump. He filled

his beak and wings with all sorts of garbage. He returned late at night. He knocked at the door of his house and said,

"O mother dear !

Please come here.

Open the door,

Put a mat on the floor.

Prepare a bed,

With sheets well spread.

Let music be played,

Nothing delayed ;

The crow will sing

And open his wings."

The mother crow got up quickly and opened the door. She put a mat on the floor and prepared a bed. She spread a clean bed-sheet over it. Then she took a musical instrument and began to play upon it and began to sing. She did not know music and all that she could do was to croak and make some noise. The young crow also joined her in singing. He then opened his wings. Garbage and dirt began to fall on the bed from his wings, and from his beak. There was foul smell all over the house. Poor mother crow ! She got so angry that she drove her son out of the house.

To this day, the crow does not know why his mother got so angry with him.



## 5. ROLL ON MY DRUM

Once upon a time there was a lamb. One day it set out to go to its grandmother's house. On the way I met a fox. The fox stopped the lamb and said, "I will eat you up."

The lamb replied :

"Let me go Sir,

To my grandmother.

I'll eat a lot,

Food sweet and hot;

I will grow fat-

It comes to that.

And when I return,

You may eat me.

"All right", said the fox and let the lamb go.

The lamb went a little further up the road and met a vulture. The vulture stopped the lamb and said, "I will eat you up."

The lamb replied :

"O bird great !

Do please wait.

Let me go, Sir,

To my grandmother.

I'll eat a lot

Food sweet and hot;

I will grow fat-

It comes to that

And when I return,

You may eat me"

"Suits me", said the vulture. It let the lamb go. The lamb walked away. A little further up the road it met a tiger. The tiger stopped the lamb and said, "I will eat you up."

The lamb said :

"O your Highness !  
Please, some kindness.  
Let me go Sir,  
To my grand mother.  
I'll eat a lot  
Food sweet and hot;  
I will grow fat -  
It comes to that  
And when I return  
You may eat me."

The tiger let the lamb go. The lamb walked away. On its way further up it met a number of animals such as a bear, a wolf and a dog. It met an eagle and a hawk also. Everyone of them wanted to eat all the lamb, the lamb made the same request to all of them, and they all let it go.

At last the lamb reached its grandmother's house. It said to its grandmother, "Please give me some food, Grand Ma ! I have to eat a lot and be fat. I have promised some animals and birds that I would grow fat. They want to eat me."

The lamb told the grandmother all about what had happened on its way to her house.

So the grandmother gave the lamb a lot of food everyday. The lamb grew quite fat and large. After some months the lamb wanted to return home. It said to its grandmother, "Dear Grand Ma ! Please get me a large drum with a leather cover. I will hide myself in it. None will be able to see me and so nobody will be able to eat me. I shall reach home safely."

The grandmother got a big drum for the lamb. She put some cotton wool in it for the lamb to sit upon. The lamb sat inside the drum and pulled over the leather cover. Then it gave a big push to the drum. The drum began to roll along the road making loud sound.

On the way the wolf came up. The wolf stopped the drum and asked, "Sir, have you seen a lamb near about ?"

The lamb in the drum heard this. It replied from inside the drum :

"Who are you  
And what is a lamb ?  
Roll on my drum  
To home amain."

The lamb gave a hard push to the drum. The drum began to roll along the road. On the way further up, it met, one by one, other animals and birds. The lamb gave the same reply to all of them and kept the drum rolling. The drum came quite near the lamb's house. The fox came up there. It stopped the drum and asked it.

"Sir, have you seen a lamb nearby ?"

The lamb in the drum replied :

"Who are you  
And what is a lamb ?  
Roll on my drum  
To home amain."

The fox recognised the lamb's voice.

"O sure ! It is the lamb inside the drum", said the fox. "I will break open the drum and eat the lamb."

But by that time the drum was almost at the door of the lamb's house. Before the fox could do anything, the lamb quickly ran into its house and closed the door.

The fox could not get the lamb and went away downcast. ■

## 6. A TAILLESS TIGER

Once there was a barber. He was very quick-witted.

One day he set out to go to another village. He took his bag with him. He had to pass through a jungle on his way. As the barber was walking along the road through the jungle, he saw a tailless tiger standing on the road facing him. The barber was stunned.

"I am done for," he said to himself. "The tiger will surely attack and kill me."

But the barber was sharp-witted. He thought immediately a plan to defend himself. As the tiger came near, the barber shouted.

"You dirty dog ! How dare you come near me? You cannot escape from me now. I have already caught one tiger and now it is your turn."

The tiger was furious on being called a dog. He sprang towards the barber to attack him ; at that very moment the barber took out a mirror from his tool bag and held it in front of the tiger and said, " See for yourself the tiger that I have caught."

The tiger saw himself in the mirror. The tiger thought, " what the barber says seems to be true ! He seems to have really caught a tiger. now he will catch me also."

The tiger was frightened so much that he ran away from there. The barber put the mirror back into his tool



bag and walked ahead. he was still in the jungle when the day was over and it was night. He decided to rest for the night on a big banyan tree. He climbed up the tree, hung his tool bag on a branch and sat there at ease.

By mid-night, the tigers in the jungle began to assemble under the banyan tree. They were to have a feast there. Quite a number of tigers came there. The tailless tiger was also there. While the feast was on, the tailless tiger spoke, "Friends ! I had a very strange experience today."



Other tigers were at once all attention to him. One of them asked, "What was it?"

The tailless tiger continued, "I met a barber on the road today. As I was about to attack he said, 'You dirty dog! How dare you come near me? I have already caught a tiger and now it is your turn.' As I sprang upon him, he took out a tiger from his bag and showed me. I was so much afraid that I ran away as fast as I could."

"Don't bluff," one of the tigers said. "Yours is a cock-and-bull story. How can the swine of a barber catch a mighty tiger?"

"I saw the tiger with my own eyes," replied the tailless tiger.

"Bah! You are quite timid. That is why you were afraid of a barber and ran away. Were I there in your place, I would have finished the barber there and then."

The barber heard what the tigers were saying. He was scared. He began to tremble with fear; so much so that the branch of the tree also began to shake. A monkey was sleeping on that branch. As the branch shook, the monkey fell down. The barber immediately shouted, "Catch that tailless tiger, pal! He is a wiseling."

The tailless tiger told others, "Didn't I tell you that some one is out to catch tigers?"

By chance the monkey fell just on the tailless tiger. The tailless tiger was terrified. He jumped and ran away from there fast. Other tigers followed him. All of them ran far far away.

The barber, now quite at ease, came down in the morning and left for the village he wanted to go to.



## 7. ALL ABOUT A CAP

Once there was a mouse.

One day, when he was going on a road in the town. He found a piece of cloth. The mouse picked it up. As it went a little further up. It came by a tailor's shop. The mouse looked at the tailor and said to him,

"Hey, tailor Tully ! Sew up a cap of this cloth for me. Make it a nice one."

" Who is there ?" asked the tailor.

" It's me, the mouse. Sew this cap. Be quick ; no delay."

" Get lost mouse ", said the tailor, " If I hit you with this yard stick, you would be dead in a jiffy !"

" What did you say ?" The mouse raised its voice. " Are you going to sew this cap or not ? You don't want to do it, is it ? Mind you, if you don't sew it."

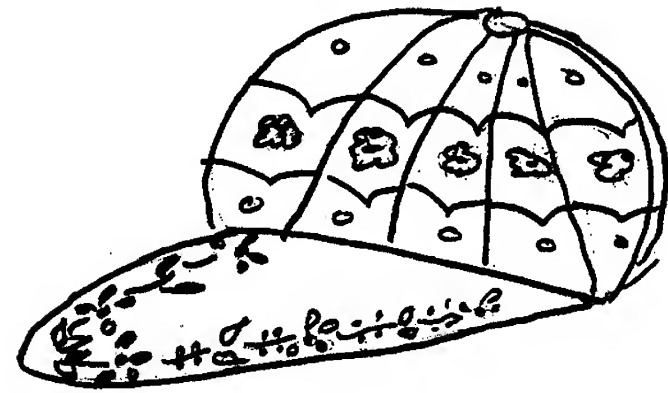
" To the court will I run,

With police to return.

I will have you beaten

And enjoy all fun."

The tailor said, " Say it again mouse ! Repeat it."



The mouse said again,

" To the court will I run,

With police to return.

I will have you beaten

And enjoy all fun."

The tailor got very much frightened and said,

" O Sir ! Give me that piece of cloth. I will sew up a cap immediately."

The tailor stitched up a cap. The mouse put it on and walked away with great pomp. A little further up he



came across an embroidery shop. The mouse looked at the embroiderer and said,

"Hey embroiderer Eddy ! Do some embroidery on my cap. Make it a pretty design."

The embroiderer looked at the mouse and said,

" Oh, it's you little mousie ! Get lost fast. Who has the time to work for you ? "

The mouse raised its voice, " Are you going to do the embroidery or not ? Do you know me ? I am Mouse the Great."

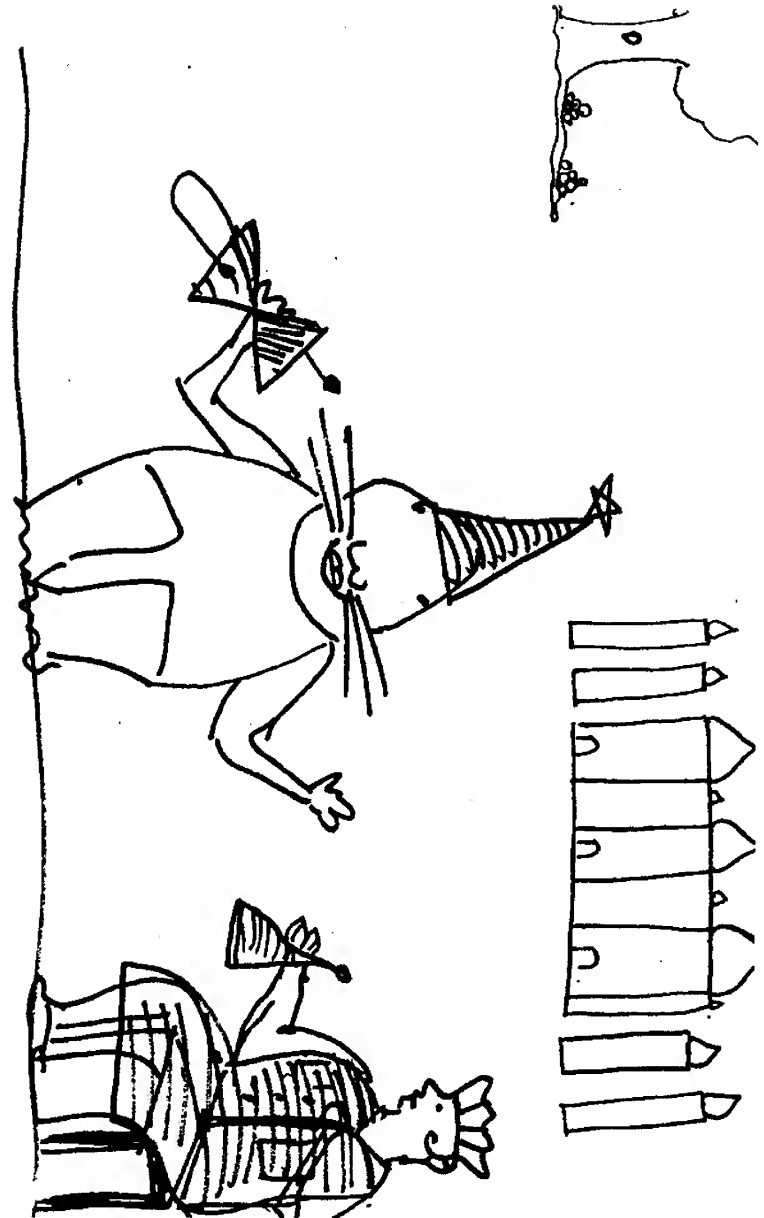
The embroiderer laughed and said, " Bosh ! Get away from here fast. If I prick you with this needle, you will be dead in no time."

" Is that so ?" asked the mouse. " All right ; I will teach you a lesson.

" To the court will I run,  
With police to return.  
I will have you beaten  
And enjoy all fun."

The embroider was afraid. He said, " Please Sir ! Do not go to the court. Give me the cap of yours. I will embroider a good design right now."

The mouse got the embroidery done. It then put on the cap and walked away with great pomp. A little further on, it came across a jeweller's shop. The mouse looked up at the jeweller and said,



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 " Hey jeweller Jolly ! Fix up some pearls on my cap."

The jeweller replied angrily, " Why should I ? You don't get pearls for nothing ! Pearls cost a lot of money."

" Oh, do they ?" The mouse raised its voice and said,
 " All right, I will see.

" To the court will I run,

With police to return.

I will have you beaten

And enjoy all fun."

The jeweller got frightened. He said, "Please Sir ! Do not go to the court and don't call the police. I will fix up some pearls on your cap right now."

The mouse got the pearls fixed on the cap. Then he put it on and walked away with great pomp. A little further up it came across a vendor who was selling different kinds of drums and was playing on a damaroo." The mouse asked him for a damroo. The vendor immediately gave it a small damroo. The mouse began to beat the damroo.

Drum dum dumak, dum dum dumak,

Drum dum dumak, dum dum dumak,

The mouse walked a little further and came by the palace of the king. The mousie saw the king and said,

" O King, hear ;

My cap is better,

Your's inferior.

O King, hear."

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 The king said, " How dare the mouse say that his cap is better than mine ? Hey guards ! Take away his cap."

The king's guards took away the cap of the mouse. The mouse began to beat the damroo and said,

" The king is a beggar ;

Takes my cap

And shows up poor !

The king is a beggar."

Then it began to beat the damroo very loudly.

Drum dum dumak, dum dum dumak,

Drum dum dumak, dum dum dumak,

The king said, " I am not a beggar. Guards ! Return the cap to the mouse."

The guards gave the cap to the mouse. The mouse put it on and then said,

" The king was afraid

Of Mouse the Great ;

He returned my cap

With due regrets."

Drum dum dumak, dum dum dumak,

Drum dum dumak, dum dum dumak,

The mouse then went away singing this rhyme and beating its drum.



## 8. A FOX AND A MOUSE

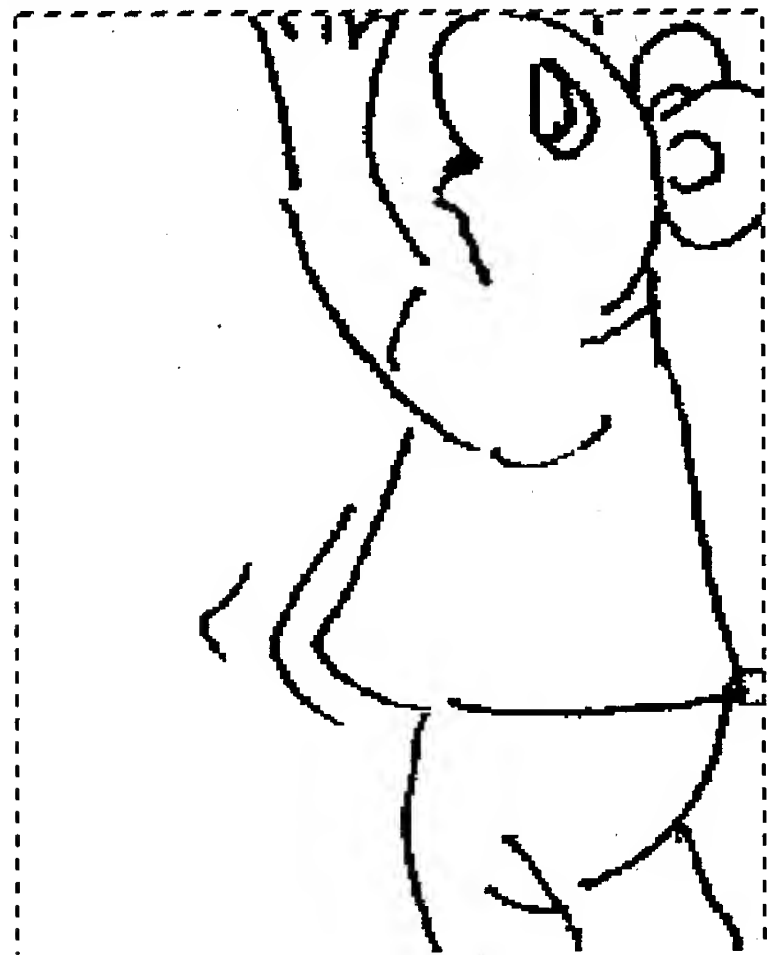
Once there was a fox. He was very cunning. Everyday he used to enter a farmer's house, break up the earthen pots containing rice and eat up all rice. He would sneak out quietly before the farmer could see or catch him. The farmer did not even know who was doing all that damage. He set up traps but that did not help. The fox skillfully avoided traps. At last the farmer decided to keep a watch to find out who was doing all that damage and how.

One day the farmer did not go to his farm. He hid himself behind a tree and kept a watch on his house. The fox came there in the afternoon. He climbed over the roof and removed some tiles. He then entered the house through the hole in the roof which he had just made. He broke open the rice pot and ate up all the rice.

The farmer said to himself, "So it is this fox who has been doing all this damage. All right, I will teach him a lesson."

When the fox came out of the house, the farmer threw a noose round his neck and caught him. Then he hung him upside down from a branch of the tree. The fox swung in mid-air with his head down.

The farmer then called his wife and said, "Look here! Today we are going to cut this fox and eat him. I am going out now and will be back in a short while. Then I will cut him up."



The farmer went out.

The fox was very much frightened. He said to himself, "It seems I am going to die. Let me see if some trick of mine can get me out of this."

The farmer's wife was husking the paddy. She was feeling tired of continually lifting the heavy pounder. The fox noticed this and took his chance to speak to her,

"Madam !, he said, " why do you take the trouble of husking the paddy ? I will do it for you. I know how to do it."

The farmer's wife was taken in by these words. She set the fox free. the fox began to pound the paddy. He began to look for a chance to escape.

Presently, the farmer's wife went inside the house for some work. The fox took this chance immediately. He jumped over the compound wall and escaped. He ran away straight to his lair.

Soon the farmer's wife came out and found that the fox had escaped. She began to cry ;

" O god ! What shall I do now ? When my husband returns, he will ask for the fox. What shall I say then ? "

A mouse in the house heard her crying. He came out of his hole and said to the farmer's wife, " Madam, why are you crying ? I will bring that fox back. don't you worry."

" I would be very grateful to you if you bring the fox back ", said the farmer's wife. " I will give you food every day."

" Then tie a basket of food to my tail ", said the mouse, and put some food in it."

The farmer's wife tied a basket to the tail of the mouse and put some food in it. The mouse then went into the jungle. It wandered all over and found out the lair of the fox. The fox was lying in it. The mouse stood near the lair so that the fox could see it and smell food. The fox saw the mouse. He was afraid of coming out of the lair. But he was very hungry and wanted something to eat. And the mouse had a basket of food ! His mouth began to water.

He thought, " It is only a mouse. He cannot catch me. Let me go and ask for some food."

So the fox came out and said," Brother mouse ! Would you please give me some food ? I am very hungry."

" You don't get anything for nothing," said the mouse. " I will give you food if you do my work."

" Tell me what it is and I will do it."

" I need a bundle of hay. Pick up one on your back and carry it to my house."

" Agreed ", said the fox. He collected some hay and tied it up into a bundle. He then placed it on his back and set a going with the mouse. The mouse led the way. On the way the mouse picked up a couple of flint stones. It then began to strike the two stones against each other.

" What are you doing ?", asked the fox.

" I am playing strike -a - light. It is my favourite game " replied the mouse.

The mouse continued striking stones against each other. The stones began to give out sparks. The mouse then lit a fire. It picked up a burning piece and threw it on the bundle of hay. The bundle caught fire.

The fox was now frightened. " What is this ?", he cried out.

" That is Rage-n-Roar. That also is my favourite game."

The bundle was soon ablaze. It burnt the back of the fox. He cried out in pain and threw the bundle down. He then ran away to his lair.

Next day, the mouse dressed up as a medicine man and went to the lair. It then said,

" Listen all people,  
All animals in the jungle !  
The doctor is here,  
To serve you better.  
Medicines for all,  
Wounds big or small ;  
An aching tooth,  
Or a swollen foot,  
Cuts so deep,  
And burns indeed ;  
I cure everything  
And charge nothing."

The fox heard this. He came out of his lair. He said,  
" Sir ! Would you please give me some medicine ?"

" What for ?"

" For burns."

" Take this ointment. Apply it all over the burns."

The mouse gave him some paste made of chillies. The fox applied that chilly paste over his back. His back began to smart with pain.

" What kind of medicine is this ?", cried out the fox in great pain.

" That is hell fire, " replied the mouse.

" Sure. It's hell ", said the fox and ran away to his lair. " I will not stay in this lair any longer ", said the fox. " I had all my troubles here."

The fox ran away to the bank of a river. The mouse followed him there. He picked up a piece of wood and began to bite it. The fox was very hungry. He saw the mouse chewing wood. He said,

" Brother mouse ! please tell me where to get food."

" Food is there on the opposite shore. We can get it if we go there. That is why I am building a boat."

The fox requested, " Please tell me how to build a boats."

The mouse replied, " I am making one of wood. I am small in size and so a small piece of wood is enough for me. You are large in size. So you better build a boat of those large size reeds."

So the fox built a boat of reeds and the mouse made one of wood. Both launched their boats. After sailing for some time, the boat of the fox began to sink as the water leaked into it. The fox began to drown. The mouse was afloat and was enjoying the fun. The fox began to gasp. The mouse threw a noose round his neck and lifted him up.

It then took the fox to the farmer's wife and said,

" Here is your fox Madam ! Now please donot cry any more."



## 9. A CRUEL CROCODILE

Once upon a time there was a crocodile, that lived in a river. There was a small village nearby. Villegers often passed by the river going to the town bazar.

One summer the river dried up. There was not a drop of water in the river bed. The crocodile came to grief. It could not swim; it could not walk nor could it even move by itself.

Not far from the river, there was a pond. There was some water in it. The crocodile thought of going there. But how could it go ? It could neither walk nor move.

Eventually, a farmer passed by the river. The crocodile requested the farmer :

"Brother farmer ! Please take me to some place where there is water. God will bless you."

"I may take you there," said the farmer, " But once you get into water, you might catch me and devour me."

"O God ! never ", exclaimed the crocodile, " catch you and eat you ? I would never do such a thing."

So the farmer lifted the crocodile and took it to the pond. As he put it into water, the crocodile at once began to drink water. The farmer stood there for some time looking at the crocodile. The crocodile finished drinking water and then at once caught hold of the farmer's leg. The farmer was taken aback.





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 "Didn't you promise that you would not catch me ?," the farmer asked. "Now why do you catch hold of my leg ?"

"I would have kept my promise and would not have caught you", replied the crocodile ; "but I am so very hungry that I would die if I donot eat you. And then all your labour for saving me would be wasted ! I have not eaten anything for the last eight days."

The crocodile began to drag the farmer into water.

"Please wait", requested the farmer. "Let us ask some one to decide the matter."

That would be some fun thought the crocodile. It held on the farmer's leg firmly and said, "All right, you may ask some one."

An old cow was passing by the pond. The farmer called her and told her the whole story. He then asked her,

"This crocodile now wants to eat me up. Tell me dear sister, is that fair and proper ?"

"Why not ?" replied the cow. "Dear crocodile, you may as well eat up this farmer. Farmers are a nasty lot. They would keep us so long as we give them milk. When we become old, they would drive us away and we would be starving on the roads. What have you to say to that, farmer ? Is that fair and proper ?"

Delighted at this, the crocodile began to pull the farmer again into water.

"Please wait", requested the farmer. "Let's us ask some one else."

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 A lame horse was passing by the pond at that time. The farmer called the horse and told him the whole story. He then asked,

"Tell me brother horse, is it fair and proper that the crocodile should now eat me up ?"

"Is it then improper and unfair ?", replied the horse. "Look at me. My owner made me serve him all these years. And when I became lame, he threw me out ! Human beings are ungrateful. Dear crocodile, you may as well eat the farmer."

The crocodile began pulling the farmer more forcefully.

"Please wait", requested the farmer. "Let us once more ask somebody. That will be for the last time. I will not make any further request after that."

A fox passed by. The farmer called the fox.

"Brother fox ! We have a dispute. Would you please tell us who is right ?"

"What is it about ?" asked the fox keeping safe distance from both.

The farmer told the fox all that had happened. The fox at once saw through the crocodile's game. He wanted to eat up the farmer anyhow. The fox decided to help the farmer.

"You farmer", asked the fox, "were you lying in the dry river bed ?" "Oh ! I could not quite understand. What happened next ?"

The farmer repeated the story.

"Dear me !", said the fox, "my brain does not seem to be working properly. I am confused. Please tell me again what happened."

The crocodile got a little annoyed and said,

" Listen, I will explain it to you. I was lying there in the dry river bed."

The fox scratched his head and asked,

" Where ? In which position ? Could you please make it more clear ?"

The crocodile now got angry. " I would better show it to you where and how. That will explain everything."

" Please do", said the fox.

So the crocodile opened its mouth and let go the farmer's leg. It then moved away to the river bed and began to show the fox where it was lying and how. The fox immediately gave a signal to the farmer to run away. The fox also began to run away. While running away, the fox said :

" Dear Crocodile ! Now I understand quite well where you were lying . Now tell me what happened next."

The crocodile became very angry as it realised that the fox had made a fool of him. But it could not do any thing then . It came out of the river with great effort , but by that time the fox and the farmer were far away . The crocodile could not catch any one .

" That wily fox played a trick on me " said the crocodile to itself . " I will make him pay for it ."

The rains came after some days . There was a flood in the river . The crocodile was happy . It could live in the river quite comfortably.

One day , the fox came to the river to drink water . The crocodile saw the fox. It quietly came to the bank of the river and lay still hidden in the mud. It had kept its eyes open to see what the fox was doing . The fox saw the crocodile's eyes from a distance . So he went back a few steps and with a smile said :

" O , what a miracle  
Comes from the Skies ;  
The muddy river bank  
Got a pair of eyes ."

Thereupon , the crocodile closed one eye. The fox winked and said ;

" O , what a bad luck  
The poor thing has got !  
The muddy river bank  
Has one eye lost !

On hearing this, the crocodile closed both of its eyes. The fox then said :

" O, what a disaster  
Comes from the Skies !  
The muddy river bank  
Loses both eyes."

The crocodile then realised that the fox had found it out.

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 "All right," said the crocodile to itself, "I will have it out some other time."

Days passed. The crocodile could not catch the fox.

One day the fox was drinking water in the river near a bridge. The crocodile was quite close by. On seeing the fox, it rushed quickly and caught hold of a leg of the fox.

"My God ! I am beaten this time", said the fox to himself. "The crocodile has got me."

But the fox did not get frightened. He laughed loudly and said to the crocodile :

"You fool ! You should have caught my leg. What is the point in catching hold of a pillar of the bridge ? My leg is here on this side."

The crocodile was in doubt. Had he really made a mistake ? Perhaps yes, he thought. Better act before the fox runs away.

Immediately it let go the leg of the fox and caught hold of the pillar of the bridge which, he believed to be the leg of the fox. As soon as his leg was free, the fox ran away saying,

"Dear crocodile, you made a mistake again. That is not my leg ; that is a pillar of the bridge. My leg is here with me. Good-bye."

The crocodile was very angry but it could not do anything.

The fox gave up going to the river to drink water. The crocodile waited for him for many days. He kept a

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 watch day and night, but the fox did not turn up. The crocodile did not know what to do to catch the fox. He almost lost hope of ever catching the fox.

Months passed. It was summer and trees were full of mangoes. There was a grove of mango trees on the bank of the river. The fox used to come there with his friends to eat mangoes. The crocodile kept a watch around heaps of mangoes. He had decided to catch the fox there.

One day the crocodile hid itself in a large heap of mangoes. It kept its eyes open. As usual, the fox came there with his friends. He saw the two eyes of the crocodile under the heap of mangoes. At once he warned his friends :

"Be careful friends : donot go near that large heap of mangoes. It is meant for the government. Take mangoes from this small heap."

So this time also the fox was not caught.

"Now I will go to the fox's lair and await him there. I would certainly be able to catch him there", said the crocodile to himself.

Once when the fox had gone out, the crocodile took its chance. It went to the lair and hid itself the lair. The fox was out for the whole of the night. He came back in the early morning. He saw the two eyes of the crocodile in her lair.

"How nice !", said th efox. "There are two lamps in

my lair today."

Thereupon the crocodile closed one eye. So the fox said, " Oh ! One lamp has been put out !

The crocodile then closed both the eyes. So the fox said, " What a pity ! Both the lamps have been put out. The lair is now quite dark.

" The lair is dark,

Live here, pard;

I wouldn't dare,

Off it, I swear.

" Comes to my mind

I should better find,

A good new lair

To be the rid of care."

The fox went away. The crocodile waited and waited and waited for the fox to come. But the fox never came. The crocodile then went back to the river quite dissapointed.

The fox was never caught.



## 10. DALA TARWADI

Once there was a brahmin who lived in a small town. His name was Dala Tarwadi. His wife liked brinjals very much. One day the wife said to her husband,

" Tarwadi ! O Tarwadi ! Listen."

"What's the matter my fair lady?" asked Tarwadi.

" I would like to have some brinjals today for our meals. Please get some."

" All right ", said Tarwadi.

Tarwadi took his broken walking stick and went out to get brinjals. He went to a farm near the bank of the river. There was no one on the farm.

" Now what shall I do ?", he asked himself. He waited for some time and then said to himself again :

" What if the owner of the farm is not there ? the farm is here I will ask the farm."

" Hey farm ! Where is everybody ?"

The farm, of course, could not answer. So Dala Tarwadi himself spoke for the farm :

" What's the matter Dala Tarwadi ?"

Then Dala Tarwadi spoke for him self.

" May I take your brinjals a few ?"



"Sure, do take a dozen or two", replied Dala speaking for the farm.

Then Dala Tarwadi picked up some brinjals and took them home. His wife prepared a dish of roasted brinjals and served it with a dash of curds on it. Dala and his wife ate it with relish. The wife liked the dish very much. She asked Tarwadi to get brinjals every day.

So dala began going to the farm every day and take brinjals in the same manner as before. As the brinjals on the farm became less and less day by day, The owner of the farm noticed the loss. He was worried.

"How come the brinjals are so few now? Surely someone must be stealing them. I must catch the thief."

One afternoon the owner of the farm hid behind a tree and kept watch. Eventually, Dala Tarwadi came there and said, "Hey farm! Where is everybody?"

"What's the matter Dala tarwai?" replied Dala himself speaking for the farm. Then Dala spoke for himself and asked,

"May I take your brinjals a few?"

"Sure, do take a dozen or two", replied Dala speaking for the farm.

Then Dala Tarwadi took a bagful of brinjals. As he was about to go, the owner came out of his hiding place and said,

"Stop there old man! With whose permission did you take those brinjals?"

"What a question! Of course I took the farm's permission", replied Dala Tarwadi.

~~~~~  
 "How can the farm speak to give you permission?"

"The farm did not speak; but I did", said Dala.

The owner became very angry at this. He caught hold of Dala Tarwadi by his arm and took him to a well in the farm. There he tied a rope to Dala's waist and lowered him into the well.

Then the owner of the farm spoke as he was addressing the well:

"My dear well!"

"What's the matter Patel?", replied the owner himself speaking for the well.

Then he spoke for himself,

"May I give him dips a few?"

"Sure, do give him a dozen or two", replied the owner speaking for the well.

So Dala was lowered into water. His eyes, ears, nose and mouth were all under water. He could not breathe. He was in trouble. He begged of the owner;

"Please sir, let me off this time. I will never take anything again. Please forgive me and save my life."

The owner took pity on Dala, took him out of water and let him off.

Dala gave up stealing once and for all. His wife does not even speak of brinjals now.

11. THE HARE HIS HIGHNESS GRAND

Once there lived in a jungle a hare and a fox. They were friends. Once they went out for a walk. They came to a place where two roads met. One road was covered with leather pieces and the other was covered with steel sheets.

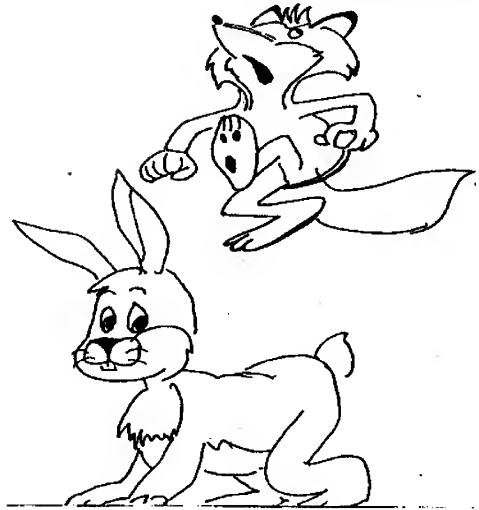
The fox said to the hare. "I will take the road covered with leather pieces, you take the one covered with steel sheets."

Accordingly, the fox went along the leather-covered road and the hare went along the road covered with steel sheets. On the way the hare came across a hermit's hut. The hare was very hungry. It entered the hut and looked around. There was no one in the hut. The hare began to search for some food. He found some sweets and namkin in a pot. The hare ate quite a lot of those sweets and namkin. Then it closed the door of the hut. It began to feel sleepy and soon went to sleep.

After some time the hermit came to his hut. He found the door of his hut closed. So he asked,

"Who is there in my hut? Open up!"

The hare got up. He understood the situation. He stood behind the closed door and, raising his voice, replied very pompously from there,



" I am the Hare Highness grand;
On my left foot there is a brand;
Get you lost you hermit bore,
Ere I break your pot of gourd."

The hermit got frightened. He went to the village and brought a Police Patel with him for help. The Police Patel stood at the door of the hut and asked,

" Who is there in the hermit's hut ? Open up."

The hare replied with greater pomp and anger,

" I am the Hare Highness grand ;
On my left foot there is a brand ;
Get you lost you Patel foolish.
Ere I kick you out of your office."

The Police Patel also was frightened and he too ran away. He went to the village and brought the village

headman with him for help. The village headman stood near the door of the hut and asked,

" Who is there in the hermit's hut ? Open up."

The hare replied from the hut,

" I am the Hare Highness grand ;
On my left foot there is a brand ;
Get you lost you village chief,
Ere I end your rule indeed."

On hearing this the village headman was also frightened and he too ran away. The hermit and the Police Patel also ran away with him. When the hare found that it was clear all outside, he came out of the hut. He began to walk back home. On the way back, it met its friend the fox. The hare told the fox about the fun it had. The fox was very much tempted and wanted to have such fun. It said to the hare,

" Tomorrow I will take the road you took today and go to the hermit's hut."



~~~~~  
 The hare asked, "What will you say if the hermit comes?"

"O!", said fox, "I will say,

"I am Very Big and Grand ;  
 On my left foot there is a brand ;  
 Get you lost you hermit bore,  
 Ere I break your pot of gourd."

So, the next day the fox went to hermit's hut. The hermit had gone out. It ate some sweets and namkin. The hermit returned early that day. He saw the door of the hut closed. So he asked,

"Who is there in my hut ? Open up."

The fox was munching some namkin. It could speak in a low and meek voice only. It said,

"I am Fox Very Big and Grand;  
 On my left foot there is a brand;  
 Get you lost you hermit bore,  
 Ere I break your pot of gourd."

The hermit immediately recognised the timid voice of the fox. He said,

"O ! It is only a fox in there."

He broke open the door and entered the hut. He caught hold of the fox and beat him up severely.

The fox had its share of fun.



## 12. MADAM GOAT

Once upon a time there was a goat. She had seven kids. One day she thought of building a house for herself. So she went out and sat in the middle of the road waiting for the load -carts to pass.

Presently a cart full of jaggery came by. The carter saw the road blocked by the goat. So he said,

"Hey goatsie ! Get out of the way."

The goat replied,

"Goatsie be your mother,  
 And goatsie be your sister ;  
 Why can't you call me  
 'Madam Goat', mister ?  
 Away shall I move  
 And the road made clear,  
 A part of your goods,  
 If you unload here."

The carter said, "Madam Goat, please let me go."

He unloaded some of the jaggery there. So the goat got up, and moved away from the road. As the road was cleared, the carterman went away with his cart.

The goat took the jaggery into the jungle where she wanted to build her house. Then she returned and sat on the road blocking it again.

Soon another cart full of sugar -came there. The carter saw that the goat was blocking the road. So he shouted,

“ Hey goatsie ! Get up and clear the way.”

The goat replied,

“ Goatsie be your mother,  
And goatsie be your sister ;  
Why can't you call me  
' Madam Goat', mister ?  
Away shall I move  
And the road made clear,  
A part of your goods,  
If you unload here.”

The carter said, “ Sorry, Madam Goat ! Please let me go.”

He unloaded some sugar -cane there. The goat then got up. The road was cleared. The carter drove away in his cart.

The goat carried the sugar - cane to the place where she wanted to build the house. Then she returned and again sat down on the road to block the way.

After some time a cart full of copra came there. The carter saw that the goat was blocking the road. He shouted at her,

“ Hey goatsie ! Get up and clear the way.”

The goat replied,

“ Goatsie be your mother,  
And goatsie be your sister ;  
Why can't you call me  
' Madam Goat', mister ?  
Away shall I move  
And the road made clear,  
A part of your goods,  
If you unload here

The carter said,

“ I am very sorry Madam Goat ! Please let me go.  
I will give you some copra pieces.”

He unloaded some pieces there. The goat got up and cleared the way. The carter then went away.

The goat took the copra pieces to the place where she wanted to build her house. Then she made walls of jaggery. She put up sugar -cane to prop up the walls and roof. Then she covered the roof with the copra pieces. The house was ready. The goat and her kids moved into the house.

Then the goat prepared to go out to fetch water. She called all her kids and told them,

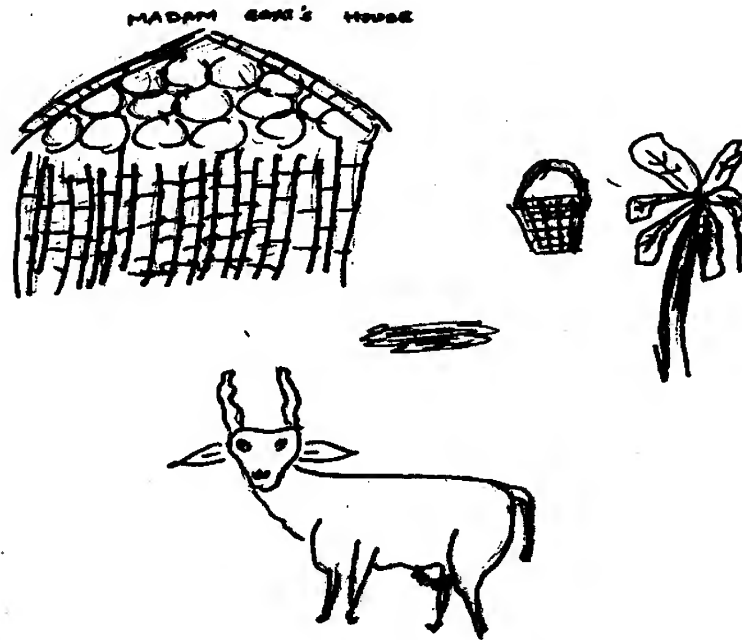
“ My darlings ! I am going out to fetch water. You will close the door and stay inside. Open the door only

when I come back and say,

" Walls of jaggery  
Sugar -cane props ;  
Copra pieces to  
Cover roof top.  
Kids open the door,  
Your mother is home."

There was some ash and a basket in the compound.  
There was a Peepal tree also there. The goat requested all  
three of them to look after her kids.

A tiger was standing behind the goat's house. He  
heard all this. As soon as the goat left the house, he came



to the door and said,

" Walls of jaggery  
Sugar -cane props ;  
Copra pieces to  
Cover roof top.  
Kids open the door,  
Your mother is home."

The ash in the compound warned the kids,

" Don't open the door kids ! It is a tiger."

The kids did not open the door. The tiger picked up  
all the ash in the compound and threw it away. Then he  
again stood at the door and said,

" Walls of jaggery  
Sugar -cane props ;  
Copra pieces to  
Cover roof top.  
Kids open the door,  
Your mother is home."

Immediately the basket warned the kids.

" Do not open the door kids. It is not your mother;  
it is a tiger."

Kids did not open the door. The tiger picked up  
the basket and threw it far away. He came back to the  
door and said again,

" Walls of jaggery  
Sugar -cane props ;  
Copra pieces to  
Cover roof top.  
Kids open the door,  
Your mother is home."

~~~~~  
Immediately the Peepal tree warned the kids.

“ Don't open the door kids. It is not your mother ;
it is a tiger.”

The kids did not open the door. The tiger uprooted the peepal tree and threw it away far off. Again the tiger came to the door and said,

“ Walls of jaggery
Sugar -cane props ;
Copra pieces to
Cover roof top.
Kids open the door,
Your mother is home.”

The kids opened the door. To their horror they saw a huge tiger at the door ! The tiger rushed at the kids and began eating up the kids one by one. A tailless kid ran away and hid itself in an earthen jar. So it was saved.

After eating up the rest of the kids, the tiger lay down on the floor and fell asleep. The tailless kid came out and ran to its mother. The kid told her what had happened. The goat became very angry. She came to her house and called out,

“ Bones may break,
And belly may burst ;
All of my kids,
Come out and rush.”

As she spoke these words the tiger's belly burst open and all the kids came out. They ran to their mother, and she began to feed them.

13. A KING WITH ELEPHANTINE EARS

Once there was a king. He went to a jungle for a hunt. He went far into the jungle but he did not get any animal for hunting. The sun had set and it was getting dark. The king had lost his way and so he could not try to go back in the dark. He was very hungry also. He sat down under a banyan tree and began to think about how to get something to eat. He saw a pair of sparrows on the tree. The king thought of killing the sparrows and eat them.

Poor sparrows were sitting quietly in their nest. The king caught hold of them. He twisted their necks and killed them. Then he baked them and ate them.

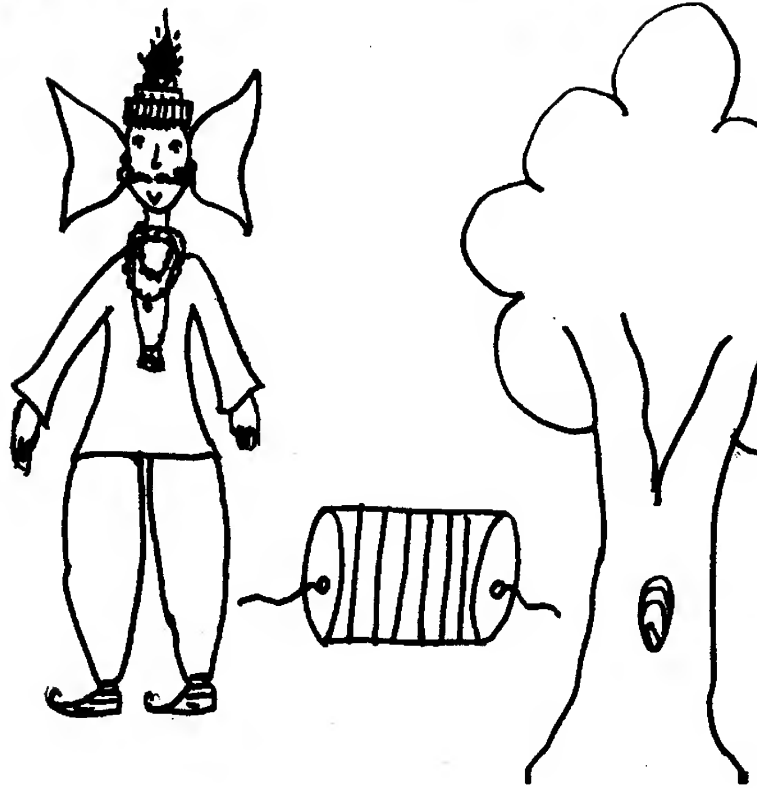
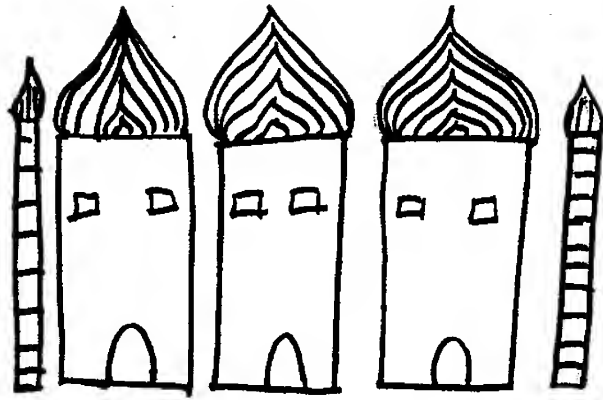
The king had done an evil deed and so by curse his ears became very large. They were elephantine.

The king was worried. What could be done about such ugly large ears. Somehow he reached his palace unnoticed. He called his minister and told him every thing that had happened. He then said to the minister.

“ You may go now; but tell no one about my ears and do not send any one to see me here on the seventh floor of the palace.”

“ All right, Your Highness !”

The minister went away. He did not tell any one about the king's ears.



After several days, it was time for the king to have a hair-cut. So the king gave orders to allow his barber Dhaniram to come up. The barber alone was allowed to go up to seventh floor of the palace. Dhaniram came to the king and saw the elephantine ears of the king. He was very much surprised and stood still staring at the king's face. The king said to him.

"Look here Dhanira ! If you ever tell any person about my ears. I will have you crushed and squeezed out under a heavy grinding wheel."

"Never, never, Your Highness", said the barber. "Never shall I utter a word about it to any person."

After finishing the king's hair-cut, the barber went away. He had promised the king not to tell any person about his elephantine ears. But Dhaniram was a born gossip. He began to feel uneasy in keeping the secret. He would move here and there trying to keep mum. But the urge to talk made him more and more uneasy. He went to the jungle where there would be not a person to talk to. But there also he was uneasy. He felt that if he did not let the secret out to someone, he would choke. There was a large log of wood in the jungle. The barber went near it and told it about the ears of the king. The barber said,

"The king has ears very very large,
Elephantine and ugly and dark."

The log heard this. It began to repeat.

"The king has ears very very large,
Elephantine and ugly and dark."

After some time a carpenter came there in search of some wood. He saw that log. He was surprised to find the log speaking. He thought of making musical instruments out of that log. He thought of giving those instruments as a present to the king to please him. So he took that log home. He prepared a pair of Tabla, a sarangi and a drum out of that log. Then he went to the king's palace to give those instruments to the king. The king ordered that the instruments be played on the ground floor only. He would hear the music on the upper floor. So the instruments were placed in the hall on the ground floor and played upon. The Tabla began to say,

"The king has ears very very large,

Elephantine and ugly and dark."

Then the Sarangi began to sing.

"It is a secret, how did you know ?

It is a secret, who told you so ?"

At this, the drum began to dance and say with its beats,

"Barber Dhanian told me so,

He said that and I came to know."

The king understood the whole thing. He rewarded the carpenter and purchased the instruments. The carpenter was sent away so that the secret would not leak out any more. Then the king called Dhanian and asked him,

"Dhanian ! Have you told any person about my ears?"

"No Your Highness !", replied Dhanian, "I have not told any person about it. But I was feeling very uneasy in keeping mum and was having a severe stomach ache in suppressing the urge to speak. So I had spoken to a log about that."

Thereupon the king ordered that Dhanian be driven out. He regretted that he had allowed a person like the barber to know his secret.

14. A CROW AND A PLUM

Once there was a crow. He was flying over a field. He saw a plum along a hedge. He flew down to it. The crow wanted to eat the plum. So he went near it. As he was about to peck the plum, it said.

"Wait dear crow : your beak is dirty. One should not eat with a dirty beak. Go and wash your beak."

So the crow went to a well to wash his beak. The crow said to the well.

"O well ! My dear !
The crow is here.
With a request clear;
Give me some water.
To wash my beak;
So that I may eat.
The plum down there,
Ripe and sweet.
I will chew it to pulp
And habbak habbak gulp."

The well replied, "If you want water, get a pot from the potter's and draw water with that pot."

So the crow went to the potter's house. He said to the potter.

"Brother potter, dear !
The crow is here
With a request small;
Give me pot,- that's all.
I'll use it to draw
Water from the well.
To wash my beak;
So that I may eat.
The plum down there,
Ripe and sweet
And habbak habbak gulp."

The potter replied, "Get me some clay; I will then make a good pot for you "

So the crow went to a mound and said to it,

"O mound ! My dear.
The crow is here.
With a request small;
Give me some clay,- that's all.
I'll give it to potter.
He will make a pot.
I'll use it to draw
Water from the well.
To wash my beak;
So that I may eat.
The plum down there,
Ripe and sweet
And habbak habbak gulp."

The mound replied, "Get horn of deer and dig up with it yourself as much clay as you want."

So the crow went to a deer and said to him,

"Deer my brother !
The crow is here.
With reques small
Give me a horn,-that's all.
I'll use it to dig
The clay that I need.
I'll give it to potter
He will make a pot
I'll use it to draw
Water from the well.
To wash my beak;
So that I may eat
The plum down there,
Ripe and sweet
And habbak habbak gulp."

You may have to kill me to take my horn. Call a dog to kill me. Then cut and take away my horn."

So the crow went to a dog and said to him,

"Brother dog, dear !
The crow is here
With a request small;
Kill the deer,-that's all.



Cut off a horn,
 I'll take it to the mound.
 To dig clay that I want.
 I'll give it to potter.
 He will make a pot.
 I'll use it to draw
 Water from the well.
 To wash my beak
 So that I may eat.
 The plum down there,
 Ripe and sweet
 And habbak habbak gulp."

The dog then replied, "Brother crow ! I am hungry.
 Please get me some milk. I will drink it and then I will be
 able to kill the deer."

So the crow went to a cow and told her,

" Sister cow, dear !
 The crow is here
 With a request small.

Give me some milk, that's all.

The dog needs a drink
 To be able to kill deer.
 He will cut off a horn
 I'll take it to the mound
 To dig clay that I want.
 I'll give it to potter.
 He will make a pot.

I'll use it to draw
 Water from the well.
 To wash my beak;
 So that I may eat
 The plum down there,
 Ripe and sweet
 And habbak habbak gulp."

The cow replied, "Brother crow, I myself am very
 hungry. Get me good enough grass. I will eat to my fill.
 Then you may milk me.

" So the crow went to a field in the grass-land of
 the village and said,

" O field ! My dear.
 The crow is here
 With a request small
 Give me grass, that's all.
 The grass I will give
 To the cow that is hungry.
 She will give me milk
 For a dog very weak.
 He will drink it clear
 To be able to kill deer.
 He will cut off a horn
 I'll take it to the mound
 To dig clay that I want.
 I'll give it to potter.

He will make a pot.
 I'll use it to draw
 Water from the well.
 To wash my beak;
 So that I may eat
 The plum down there,
 Ripe and sweet
 And habbak habbak gulp."

The field then replied, "My dear crow ! Get a sickle from a smith to cut grass. Then cut grass yourself as much as you want."

So the crow went to the blacksmith, and told him,
 "Brother blacksmith, dear !

The crow is here
 With a request small.
 Give me a sickle, that 's all.
 With the sickle I will cut
 Grass from the field.
 The grass I will give
 To the cow that is hungry.
 She will give milk
 For a dog very weak.
 He will drink it clear,
 To be able to kill deer.
 He will cut off a horn
 I'll take it to the mound.

To dig clay that I want.
 I'll give it to potter.
 He will make a pot.
 I'll use it to draw
 Water from the well
 To wash my beak;
 So that I may eat
 The plum down there,
 Ripe and sweet ,
 And habbak habbak gulp."

The blacksmith took out a sickle and said, "Here take this sickle dear crow !"

The crow picked up the sickle. He went to the field and cut the grass. He then took that grass to the cow and gave it to her. The cow ate it and gave milk to the crow. The crow gave this milk to the dog. The dog drank it and then ran after the deer to kill him. The deer himself dropped down his horn and gave it to the crow. the crow went to the mound and dug up clay with the horn. He gave the clay to the potter. The potter gave him a pot. The crow drew water from the well with that pot. He washed his beak and then ate the plum.

15. KHETALI

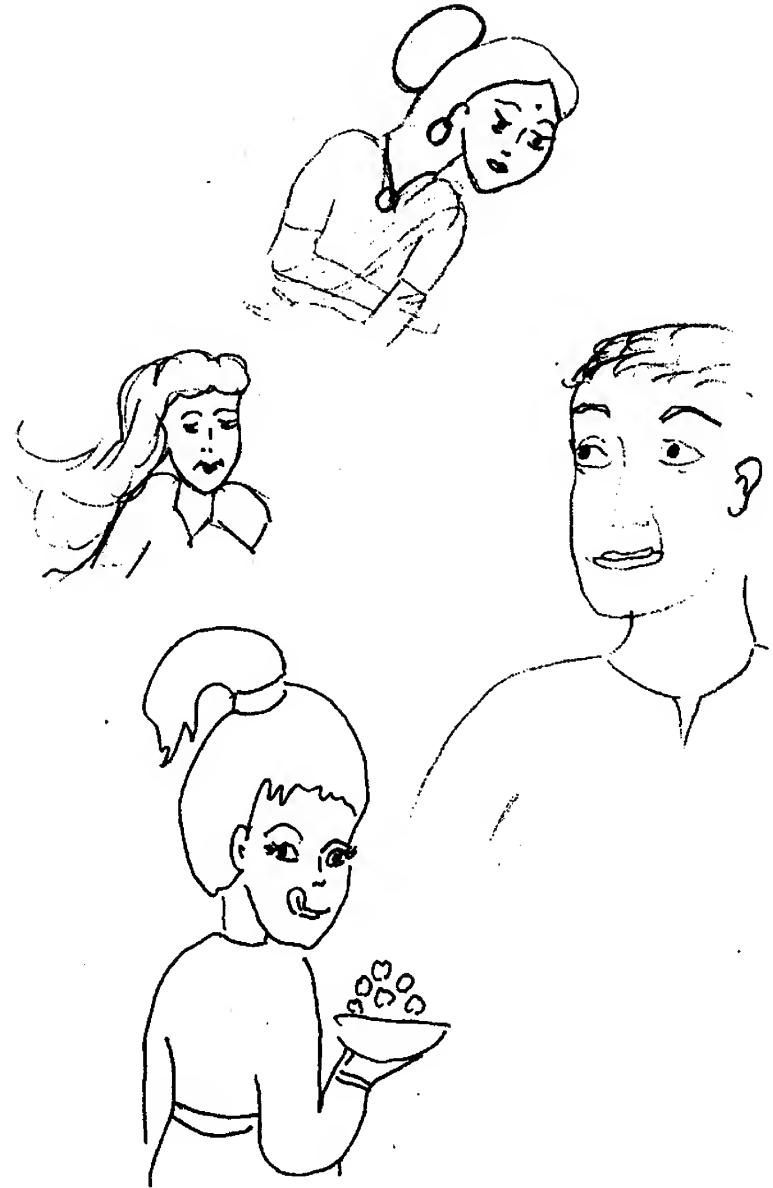
Once there was a merchant. He was a miser. He did not like to spend money. His wife was a glutton. She liked to eat a lot of food. She was quite shrewd. She would take very little food when her husband was there in the house. When the husband would go out she would prepare various tasty dishes and eat a lot of them. She ate to her fill.

By and by the merchant began to suspect that there was something wrong about the provision. He said to himself.

“ I bring quite a lot of provisions regularly and how is it that we run out of them so soon ? Let me check if anyone in the house is consuming too much.”

The merchant called his wife and said to her, “ I have to go out for about a week or so. Please prepare some snacks for me to take along with me.”

She was over-joyed at this news. Quickly she prepared snacks for her husband, packed up everything and saw her husband off. The merchant went to his friend's house in the same town and stayed there for the whole day. In the evening, when his wife went to a temple, the husband sneaked into the house unnoticed and hid himself in a big earthen jar. He stayed therein for the night.



The merchant's wife was very happy that her husband was out. She said to herself, "Thank God ! Now I shall be able to eat to my fill for a whole week."

She invited her neighbour's daughter to give her company during the night. That girl's name was khetali. The merchant's wife and Khetali had their supper and then they went to sleep. By mid-night, the merchant's wife woke up. She asked Khetali,

"Khetali, Khetali ! Tell me straight,

How many hours for day to break ?"

Khetali said, " Auntie, it is only midnight."

The wife said, " I am very hungry. There are seven stalks of sugarcane in that corner. Get them here for us to eat.

Both of them ate up all of the stalks of sugar-cane and then went to sleep.

The merchant saw all this from a hole in the jar. He said to himself, " Dear me ! She seems to be very cunning !"

After about two hours the wife woke up again. She asked Khetali,

"Khetali, Khetali ! Tell me straight,

How many hours for day to break ?"

" It is only two o'clock past mid-night", said Khetali.

" I am very hungry. Fry up a few dry wheat cakes for both of us to eat." said the wife.

The merchant in the jar said to himself, "Bloody wench ! She is very cunning !"

Khetali fried up some dry cakes. Both of them had their fill. Then they went to sleep. After about two hours, the wife woke up again and asked Khetali,

By about six o'clock, the wife woke up and asked Khetali, " Khetali, Khetali ! Tell me straight , How many hours for day to break?"

" Khetali Khetali ! Tell me straight

How many hours for a day to break ?"

Khetali replied , " Auntie , it is only four o'clock."

" Oh God ! I am so hungry ! Khetali , would you please prepare some halva for both of us ? ", said the wife.

So Khetali prepared halva. She had put in a lot of ghee in it to make it more tasty. Both of them ate it with relish and then they went to sleep again. The merchant hiding in the jar had become very angry. Khetali replied, " Auntie, it is dawn; six o'clock at dawn." The wife said, " I am very hungry. Would you please prepare some pop-corn for both of us ?"

Khetali prepared pop-corn and both of us munched it all. The merchant hiding in the jar decided to thrash out the matter afterwards late in the morning. Khetali then went home and the wife went out to fetch water. The merchant quietly came out of the jar and went out of the house. After spending a couple of hours in the town, the merchant returned with his baggage. The wife was taken aback on

seeing him back so soon. She had a feeling that her husband had come to know every thing. She asked her husband.

"You had gone out for a week and how come you are back the very next day?"

"Ok, I had a very serious ill-omen on my way. So I had to return"

"Please let me know what that 'very serious' ill-omen was."

"A big snake crossed my way."

"Bless us god! How big was the snake?", the wife asked.

"Quite a big one; as large as a full grown stalk of a sugarcane !"

"What was it's hood like ?"

"Oh ! It was like seven dried wheat cakes."

"And how was it moving ?"

"It was moving like ghee in halva."

"Was it jumping ?"

"Sure, it was jumping like popping corn."

The wife was now convinced that her husband had come to know everything. She broke down and then apologized. The husband forgave her. After that day, both of them were changed persons. The husband was no longer a miser and the wife was no longer a glutton.

16. A MOUSE WITH SEVEN TAILS

Once there was a mouse. He had seven tails. His mother got him admitted to school one day. When the school children saw the mouse with seven tails they laughed at him and began to tease him. They said,

"Look there friends, it's a seven tailed mouse!

Strange and funny, it's a seven tailed mouse! "

The mouse felt bad and went home crying. His mother asked, "why are you crying? Why have you come back from the school ?"

The mouse sobbed, "they tease me at the school; they call me a seven- tailed mouse."

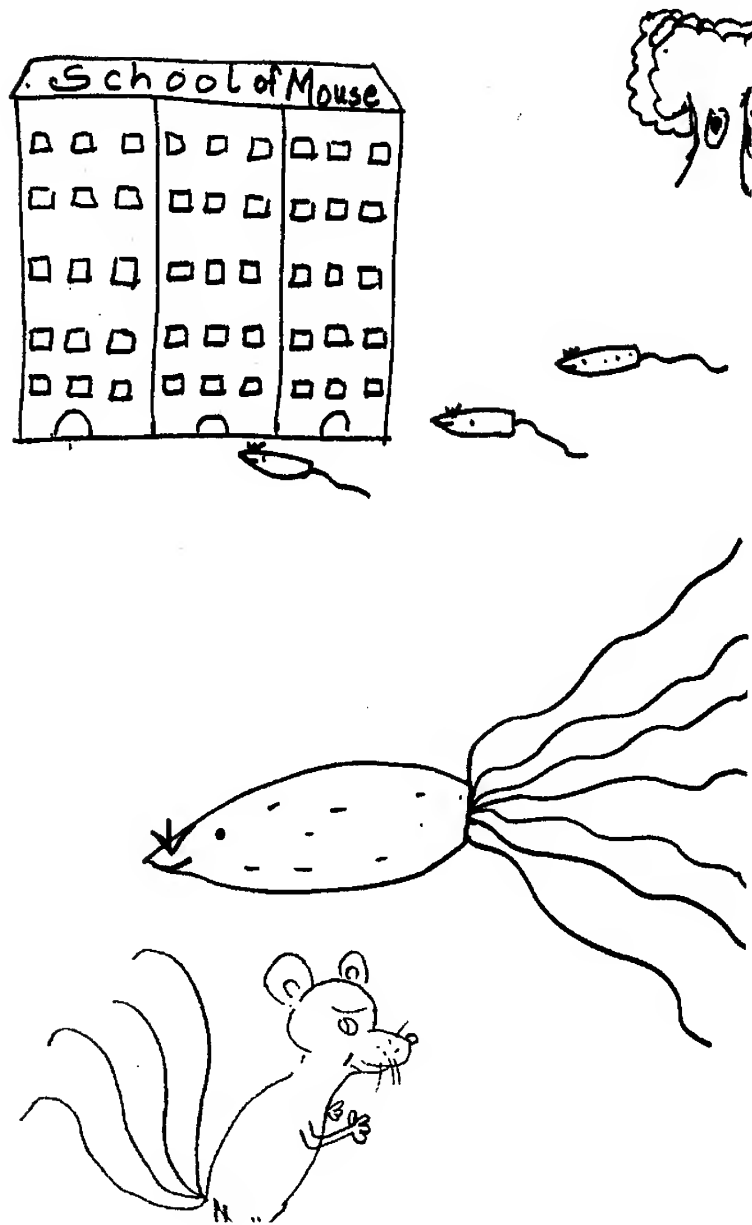
"Is that all? My dear child, go to the carpenter and ask him to cut off one tail of yours." Said the mother.

The mouse went to the carpenter's and got one of his tails cut off. He had six tails now. Next day he went to the school. Children there again began to tease the mouse saying,

Look there friends, it's a six tailed mouse!

Strange and funny, it's a six tailed mouse!"

The mouse returned home crying. He sat under the grinding wheel in huffed up mood. At meals time, the mother called out,



"Where is my dear child? Come for meals. Aren't you hungry?"

The mouse said amidst sobs, "I will not take food. All children at school tease me by calling me a six tailed mouse."

"all right, go to the carpenter again and get one mor tail cut off." said the mother.

So the mouse went to the carpenter and got one more tail cut off. He had five tails now. Next day the mouse took his slate and slate pen and went to school. As soon as the school children saw the mouse coming. They shouted, "Oh! There is that mouse coming to school." When the mouse came near, the children saw that he had only five tails left. They began teasing the mouse saying,

"Look there friends, it's a five tailed mouse!

Strange and funny, it's a five tailed mouse!"

The mouse got angry and returned home. He sat down on a box. He began to cry. His mother asked, "what happened now? Why are you crying?

"They tease me at the school. They call me five tailed mouse", replied the mouse.

"Then go to the carpenter once more and get one tail cut off" his mother advised.

So the mouse got one more tail cut off. Now he had only four tails. Next day, when he went to school, the children there teased him as usual. So the mouse returned home crying and sat on a mat with a sullen face. At meal time his mother called him.

~~~~~  
 "Come for meals my child: why are you sitting there with a sullen face?"

"Children at school tease me. Now they call me four tailed mouse. I will not go to school any more."

"That's not right my child. Go and get one tail cut off." said the mother.

So the mouse had one more tail cut off. He had three tails now. Next day he put on pants and then went to school. No one noticed his tails. The children said,

"The mouse has put on pants today. He looks smart."

So he attended the school, During the recess when the mouse went to the toilet, other children there noticed its three tails, so they shouted "Oh he is a three tailed mouse. " they began teasing the mouse,

"Look there friends, it's a three tailed mouse!

Strange and funny, it's a three tailed mouse! "

The mouse ran away home crying and sat under a jar. His mother advised him to have one more tail cut off. Again the same story repeated at the school and the mouse had one more tail cut off. Now he had only one tail. His mother said,

"Now you have only one tail: no one will tease you now"

So the mouse had its bath and then went to school. The children again began to tease the mouse. They began shouting,

~~~~~  
 "Look there friends, it's a one tailed mouse;

Ho ho ho , just a single- tailed mouse !"

The mouse began crying aloud and ran away home. His mother was annoyed.

"Back home crying?" She said "what is the matter with you ?"

"The school children tease me even now. They call me a one-tailed mouse. Every one has only one tail, still they tease me like that."

"Then go and get that tail also cut off" said the mother.

So the mouse got that tail cut off. He was now tail-less. He prepared to go to school. He said to himself, "Now I do not have any tail. How can they tease me any more? "

The mouse put on a shirt and then went to school. At to school all children gathered around the mouse. One of them lifted the shirt of the mouse and every one saw that the mouse had no tail. They began to tease the mouse shouting ,

"Look there friends , it's a tailless mouse ;

Strange and funny . It's a tailless mouse !"

The mouse threw away his slate and the slate-pen and ran away home . He lay down on the floor and began crying loudly .His mother asked it ,

"What is the matter now ? Why are you crying ?"

"Children there tease me even now .They call me a Tailless Mouse !"


~~~~~  
 "Then go to the carpenter and get one tail fixed up."

The mouse went to the carpenter and asked him to stick up one tail, The carpenter said,

" A tail once cut off cannot be fixed to the body again . Go home little one ."

Thereupon the mouse said ,

" Dear carpenter , stick up my tail ,

No excuses , do it without fail ;

If you don't, that adze of yours

Away will I take , rest assured ."

The carpenter did not fix up the tail. So the mouse picked up the spade of the carpenter and ran away with it. He met a woodcutter on the way. The woodcutter was trying to cut logs of wood into small pieces . He did not have any adze so he was cutting logs with his teeth ! The mouse saw this and said ,

" Friend , why are you cutting wood with teeth ? Here , take this spade to cut the logs. It is a good one ."

The woodcutter took the spade and began to cut wood with it . After some time the spade broke down . the mouse demanded its spade back . He said,

" Give me back that spade of mine ,

No excuses , don't waste time .

If you don't , that log of yours

Away will I take , rest assured ."

~~~~~  
 The woodcutter could not return the spade . So the mouse took the log of wood and ran away with it. As he went a little further up ,he saw an old woman baking her bread. She had no fire wood . So she was burning her foot to keep fire on . The mouse went in her house and said, " Grand Ma , why are you burning your foot ? Take this log of wood ; use it to bake your bread ."

The old woman put the log in the stove .She baked her bread over the fire . When she had finished, the log of wood was all burnt up . The mouse asked the old woman to return his log of wood.

" How can I give it back to you ? It is all burnt out."

The mouse then said ,

" Give me back that log of mine ,

No excuses, don't waste time .

If you don't , that loaf of yours

Away will I take, rest assured ."

As the woman could not give the log, the mouse ran away with her loaf of bread. Going a little up, He came across a potter. The potter was eating mud mixed with curd as he had no food . The mouse told the potter," Why do you eat mud with curd ? Take this loaf and eat it with curd."

The potter took the loaf and ate it . He was happy that he got food . As he got up and thanked the mouse , the mouse asked him to return the loaf. The mouse said,

~~~~~  
 " Give me back that loaf of mine ;

No excuses, don't waste time;

If you don't, that pot of yours

Away will I take, rest assured ."

As the potter could not give loaf , the mouse took the pot and ran away . On the way it came across a shepherd's house. The shepherd was milking his buffalo. He had no pot to collect milk. So he was collecting milk in a mortar. The mouse approached him . He said to the shepherd , " Why do you collect milk in a mortar ? Take this pot of mine and collect milk in it. The shepherd took the pot and began milking . Suddenly the buffalo startled for some reason and kicked the pot. The pot broke. The mouse demanded his pot back. It said ,

" Give me back that pot of mine

No excuses don't waste time

If you don't, that buffalo of yours

Away will I take, rest assured."

The shepherd could not return the pot, so the mouse dragged the buffalo by the rope and ran away with her further up the mouse came to a field . A farmer was ploughing the field. He had only one ox. So he had paired up his mother on the other side to pull the ploughing. The mouse scolded the farmer, " What are you doing? Making your mother pull the plough ? Are you out of your senses ?"

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 The farmer said, "What can I do ? One of my pair of oxen died and I donot have money to purchase another ox. How can the field be ploughed without somebody on the other side of the plough ?"

"Take this buffalo of mine; tie her to the other side of the plough and off your mother."said the mouse.

The farmer let off his mother and tied the buffalo to the plough in that place. He began to plough the field. After some time the buffalo could no longer stand the hot sun . She fell down and died. The mouse came up and began to ask for his buffalo. It said to the farmer ,

" Give me back that buffalo of mine ;

No excuses, and don't waste time .

If you don't, that mother of yours,

Away will I take , rest assured ."

Since the farmer could not give the buffalo, the mouse ran away taking the farmer's mother with it . After some time the mouse came to a village. Some acrobats were performing at the central square of the village. A boy was doing rope -walk. He was jumping and dancing on the rope. The mouse saw this. It said to their chief , " Sir, why do you make such a small boy perform such risky acts ? He would die if he falls down !"

" Well , if the boy does not perform the act, who else would do it ? That old woman of yours?"

" Of course she will ; take her and put her on the rope " said the mouse.

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 So the old woman was put on the rope. She was trembling all over. She could not even stand on the rope. She fell down with a bang and died. The Mouse asked the chief of the acrobats group , " Why did you kill my old woman ?"

" Don't shout ; how am I responsible ? She fell down on her own. What can I do about it ?"

The mouse said ,

" Give me back that old woman mine;

No excuses ; and don't waste time.

If you don't , that drum of yours

Away will I take , rest assured."

The mouse took the drum of the acrobats and ran away with it . It came to a small hillock. The mouse sat on the top of the hillock and began to beat the drum . It began to sing with the beat.

" Dhib Dhibang, Dhib Dhibang !

Took an adze in liue of the tail ;

Dhib dhibang, dhib dhibang .

Took a log in liue of the adze ;

And a loaf of bread in liue of the log ;

Dhib dhibang, dhib dhibang.

Took a pot in liue of the loaf;

Dhib dhibang , dhib dhibang.

Took a buffalo in liue of the pot ;

~~~~~  
 Dhib dhibang, dhib dhibang .

Took an old woman in liue of the buffalo ;

Dhib dhibang , dhib dhibang.

Took a drum in liue of the old woman ;

Dhib dhibang, dhib dhibang ."

The mouse was playing upon the drum and singing merrily. Presently a crow flew down upon it and caught it by its legs . The crow flew away with the mouse . Even then the mouse continued to sing and beat the drum .

Dhin dhibang , dhin dhibang.

Dhin dhibang, dhin dhibang .



17. A NURSERY DOGGERE

Listen my child
 A story so wild :
 Wild was the jungle ,
 Came a bard humble ;
 Bard sang a song ,
 The song was long ;
 Long was the way
 To the town far away ;
 The town was old ,
 Had towers of gold ;
 Its roads were fine ,
 Shops there were nine ;
 Shop -keeper Tola Ram ,
 Sold pea-nuts and grams
 Gave me some grams,
 Which I gave to the farm ;
 The farm gave me nine
 Creeper plants fine.
 I gave them all ,
 To the cow that was mine.
 The cow gave me milk,
 Front thing full of cream.
 I gave it to peacocks.
 Peacocks gave me feathers ,
 Which I gave to king.

The king gave me gift ,
 A horse that was swift .
 I tied it to the tree.
 The tree gave me thorns ,
 I stuck them into a mound ;
 The mound gave me clay ,
 I gave clay to a potter ;
 The potter gave a pot ,
 I thanked him a lot .
 The pot did I give
 To the gardener to water
 Plants in the garden ;
 He gave in return
 Flowers very fragrant
 Their colours vibrant .
 Flowers in a bundle
 I took to a temple.
 The flowers I gave
 To Lord Mahadev
 And bowed down my head .
 Great Lord Mahadev
 Gave me sweets,
 Chocolates and cookies
 And Laddoos for family.
 I bowed to God humbly ,
 And took it all home ,
 To give to my mom .

My brother, my sister, my mother , my father
 and I . We all had our share of laddoos, cookies and choco-
 lates . We had kept our uncle's share in a pota street dog
 came and ate up everything .

18. COLD DRIP DROP

Once there was an old woman. She lived in a hut.

One monsoon there was heavy rainfall. The roof of the hut began to leak. There were puddles of water all over the floor of the hut. The old woman had a hard time. Drops of water fell on her wherever she moved. She had a lot of trouble.

One night it rained very hard. A lion from a jungle nearby took shelter behind a wall of the hut. The old woman was moving here and there doing her work. Presently she slipped on the wet floor and fell into a puddle of water. She was hurt and felt very cold. She cried out :

"Lions do I fear not
And tigers are no terror;
But this cold drip drop
A fee-fau-fum it's ever."

The lion heard this. He felt very uneasy.

"This old woman," he thought, "is not afraid of a lion or a tiger, but she is afraid of a Cold Drip Drop ! I wonder what that Cold Drip Drop is like !"

At that moment a large drop of water fell on the back of the old woman. She cried out again :

"Lions do I fear not

And tigers are no terror ;

But this cold drip drop

A fee-fau-fum it's ever."

When the lion heard this again, he was very much afraid. He ran away into the jungle. He came to a large buniyan tree. A monkey was sitting on a branch of the tree. It was shivering all over in cold rain.

A traveller had lost his way in the jungle and he had taken shelter under that very tree.

The monkey saw the lion running, It asked him.

"O king of the jungle ! Why are you running like this ? What is the matter ?"

"I am afraid of the Cold Drip Drop", said the lion. An old woman down there says,

"Lions do I fear not
And tigers are no terror;
But this cold drip drop
A fee-fau-fum it's ever."

"When I heard this, I was very much afraid. I am running away from that Cold Drip Drop."

The monkey also was frightened when it heard this.


By that time the traveller sitting below the tree had seen the lion. He was afraid that the lion might kill him. So he began to climb the tree. Half way up he tried to catch a branch of the tree. He caught the monkey's tail instead.

The monkey thought that the Cold Drip Drop had caught its tail. So it cried out and jumped. Its tail slipped out of the traveller's hand. The traveller lost balance and fell down. The monkey shouted again. The lion thought that the Cold Drip Drop had come and caught hold of the monkey. So he began to run away from there.

That night a goat-herd had lost his goat. He had come to the jungle in search of his goat. The lion was running blindly out of fear. He dashed against the goat-herd. It was very dark. The lion thought that it was the Cold Drip Drop again. He froze with fear and stood there quietly. The goat-herd thought that it was his goat which was lost. So he went near the lion. He did not look at the lion carefully. He caught him by the ear and gave him a hard blow. The lion now felt sure that he was caught by the Cold Drip Drop. There was no escape. So he meekly went along with the goat-herd. The goat-herd took the lion home and tied him up in the pen.

Next morning, the goat-herd's wife went to the pen to milk goats. To her horror she found a lion there ! She ran away into the house. She told her husband that there was lion in the pen. The goat-herd came out and he saw the lion. He also was terrified. Quietly he cut off the rope with which the lion was tied. He then quickly ran away into the house.

The lion now saw that he was free at last. The Cold Drip Drop seemed to be nowhere. So he jumped over the fence and ran away into the jungle.




19. A KING THAT NEVER WAS

Once there was a king. He wan't really a king.

He founded three cities. Two of them were deserted and the third one had no pupulation. Three potters settled down there; Two of them did not know any pottery, and the third one just would not make any pot. He made three pots, two of them were broken and the third one was of no use. He invited three guests for dinner. Two of them were on fast and the third one just wouldn't eat. The potter gave them three coins. Two of them were not legal and the third one was bad. The guests showed these coins to counterfeit three goldsmiths. Two of those goldsmiths were blind and the third one just wouldn't see.

I told this story to three boys. Two of them soon forgot it and the third one just didn't understand.

Contractions wasn't, didn't etc. could suit better is used in speech. In writing, we had letter avoid them.



APPENDIX

ALL ABOUT A CAP - A PLAY FOR CHILDREN

ALL ABOUT A CAP

Guidelines for stage performance

* * * * *

(These guidelines are in the nature of suggestions meant to be helpful to those presenting the play. They need not to be taken as rigid requirements (to be met to a letter). Discretion rests with the director to change, innovate and improvise to meet the situation arising out of local conditions and availability of material.)

1. STAGE: For arrangements on the stage please see stage plan attached.
2. SETTING: No formal flats are required. However, if desired, following may be used: -
 - a. A cut to indicate king's palace.
 - b. Three plain flats to divide right side of the stage into three wings for three shops
 - c. One or two cut outs showing trees.
3. DIALOGUES : If children are able to say dialogues and songs, they may do so; otherwise they may just give lip movements and mime, with adults saying dialogues and songs from the back stage of the wing.

4. MOVEMENT OF THE CHARACTERS: Movements of the mouse are shown in the stage plan, other characters do not have to move around much.
5. PROPERTY:
 - a. A yardstick; a measure tape for the tailor.
 - b. A large sized needle or a crochet needle for the embroider; a piece of cloth; two caps made of the same cloth one plain and one embroidered to enable the embroider to swap caps.
 - c. A string of pearls with safety pins at each end.
 - d. A crown for the king.
 - e. Weapons for the guards, spears or swords made of bamboo and cardboard.
 - f. Some damroos and cardboard drums.
6. LIGHTNING: No special light effects are required; however if a dimmer is available it may be used to indicate the sunrise and passing of time.
7. SOUND: If possible, sound effects may be given to indicate :
 - a. The Working of sewing machine
 - b. Drum beats.

*All About a Cap - A play for children***ALL ABOUT A CAP**

(Enter the mouse , he is dancing on the stage to the rhythm of the song)

Mouse : All is well and tiddling tid; what a fine day!

Ho ho ho, ha ha ha, it is sure indeed, I say

Look at the sky; see white birds fly,

And soft sunlight and trees so high

All is well and tidling tid; what a fine day!

Ho ho ho, ha ha ha, it is sure indeed, I say

(The mouse sees a piece of cloth lying on the road)

Hey ! What's that? Something funny?

(He picks up the piece of cloth)

Wow! It is a fine piece of cloth! Some fool seems to have dropped it here. What shall I do with it?

(Thinks)

Yes. It is quite suitable for a cap. I will have a good cap made out of it. I will go to a tailor and ask him to make one for me.

(The mouse goes around the stage in a circle singing and dancing)

All is well and tiddling tid; what a fine day!

Ho ho ho, ha ha ha, it is sure indeed, I say.

(The mouse comes to the tailor's shop)

Mouse(to the tailor): Hey tailor tully! Sew up for me a cap of this cloth.

(Holds out the piece of cloth which it had found)

Make it a nice one.

Tailor(with his back to the mouse): Who is there?

Mouse: It's me, the mouse. Sew up the cap for me. Be quick. No delay.

Tailor(turning to face the mouse): Get lost Mousie! If i hit you with this yardstick, you will be dead in a jiffy.

Mouse: What did you say? (raising it's voice) Are you going to sew this cap or not?

(The tailor indicates No by turning his head side to side)

You don't want to do it. Isn't it? You will regret saying no to me. Mind well. If you do not make a cap for me.

To the court will I run

With police to return

I will have you beaten

And enjoy all fun

Tailor : what? Are you sure you can do this? Say it again if you are not out of your senses.

Mouse : Yes I can. I live there in police lines. Now

To the court do I have to run?


~~~~~  
With police to return?

Tailor : Oh no sir! Please do not call the police. I will make a cap for you right now, on my automatic machine there.(points to the wing) Give me that piece of cloth.

(The mouse gives that piece of cloth to the tailor. The tailor takes it and goes into the wing. The mouse stands outside and starts singing and clapping)

Mouse: All is well and tiddling tid; what a fine day!

Ho ho ho, ha ha ha, it is sure indeed, I say?

(The tailor comes out and gives the cap to the mouse. The mouse takes it and walks away hopping. It comes to the embroidery shop)

Mouse : O! it is an embroidery shop here! Let me have some embroidery on my cap. (Mouse goes near the shop and speaks to the embroiderer whose back is turned to the mouse.)

Hey, Embroiderer Eddy ! Do some embroidery on my cap. Make it a pretty design.

Embroiderer (turning around to face the mouse): O! it's you little mouse. Get lost fast. Who has the time to work for you ?

Mouse(raising his voice) : Are you going to do embroidery or not? Do you know me? I am mouse, the great.

Embroiderer : Bah! Go away you shrunk ! If I punch you with this big needle, you will be dead in no time.

~~~~~  
Mouse: is that so? All right. I will teach you a lesson.

To the court will I run

With police to return

I will have you beaten

And enjoy all fun.

Embroiderer (frightened): Please sir. Do not go to the court. Give me that cap of yours. I will do the embroidery right now. I have some fine silk threads in my cupboard there. (points to the wing). Please wait here till I do the embroidery there.

(He takes the cap and goes inside the wing. The mouse stands outside and starts singing and dancing

All is well and tidling tid; what a fine day!

Ho ho ho, ha ha ha, it is sure indeed, I say

(The embroiderer comes out with the embroidered cap and gives it to the mouse)

Embroiderer: Sir your cap is ready.

Mouse: good.

(Takes the cap and goes away singing and dancing.
It comes by a jeweler's shop)

Mouse: Hey presto! That seems to be a jeweler's shop. Well well, my luck seems to be shining bright. I will have some pearls fixed on my cap.

(Mouse comes near the jeweller's shop and speaks to him)

Mouse: Hey. Jeweller Jolly! Fix up some pearls on my cap(Holds out the cap)

Jeweler: Why should I? You don't get pearls for nothing. Pearls costs a lot of money.

Mouse: O do they? All right. You will be in trouble if you don't:

To the court will I run

With police to return

I will have you beaten

And enjoy all fun

Jeweler(Frightened): forgive me sir! Please do not bring police here. I may lose my customers. I will fix up some pearls to your cap. I have some pearls in my safe there. (Points to the wing) Please wait here while I fix up some pearls.

(He takes the cap and goes inside. The mouse stands outside singing. The jeweller comes out after a couple of minutes and hands over the cap to the mouse. A string of pearls is attached to the cap.

Jeweller: here is your cap, sir!

(The mouse puts on the cap and walks away hopping. It meets a vendor selling drums. The mouse approaches him and speaks to him)

Mouse: Hey drum wala! Give me a drum.

Vender: O! What a handsome mouse! Here take the drum. It is guaranteed to give loud beats.(the vender gives the drum to the mouse. The mouse takes it and walks away beating the drum and dancing to the beat and singing.)

Mouse: All is well and tiddling tid; what a fine day!

Ho ho ho, ha ha ha, it is sure indeed, I say

Look at the sky; see white birds fly,

And soft sunlight and trees so high

(He comes by the palace of the king. He begins to beat the drum furiously. On hearing the noise, the king comes out in the balcony. Two guards come out at the gate below.)

Guards: Attention all people. Be on alert to pay respects to his royal highness, the king of Ajayabstan.

(the mouse stops beating the drum and bows to the king)

King: What is all the noise about?

Mouse: O king! Hear

My cap is better

Your cap not so good

O king hear!

King(Angrily): Who are you to tell me that your cap is better than my crown? Guards take away that fellow's cap.

(Guards rush forward and take away the cap of the mouse. The mouse begins to beat the drum furiously)

Mouse: The king is a beggar
Takes my cap
He looks so poor
The king is a beggar.

King(Annoyed): I am not a beggar. Guards return that dirty cap to that grunting pig.

(guards hand over the cap to the mouse. The mouse puts it on and bows to the king derisively)

Mouse: The king is afraid
Of mouse the great
He returns my cap
With all regrets (The mouse beats the drum loudly and begins to dance)
All is well and tidling tid; what a fine day!
Ho ho ho, ha ha ha, it is sure indeed, I say.
(Mouse walks away hopping)

CURTAIN